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LIONEL
& CLARISSA
Mr PARSONS as
COLONEL OLDBOY
Harman come here
How d you like my daughter?

LEIC
C969b

THE

BRITISH DRAMA,

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST

ESTEEMED DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS,

WITH

Biography

OF THE RESPECTIVE AUTHORS;

AND A

CRITIQUE ON EACH PLAY,

BY

R. CUMBERLAND, Esq

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

15·3047
28/10/19

CONTAINING

LIONEL AND CLARISSA,
MAID OF THE MILL,
BEGGARS OPERA,
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. COOKE,

No. 17, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And Sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1817.

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THE

COMIC OPERA,

OF

LIONEL & CLARISSA;

OR, THE

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As Performed at the Theatres-Royal,

DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN,

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS.

The Lines with inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING, for some years, met with very great success in my productions of the musical kind; when I wrote the following Opera it was with unusual care and attention; and it was the general opinion of all my friends, some of whom rank among the best judges, that of all my trifles, Lionel and Clarissa was the most pardonable: a decision in its favour which I was the prouder of, because, to the best of my knowledge, through the whole, I had not borrowed an expression, a sentiment, or a character, from any dramatic writer extant.

When Mr. GARRICK thought of performing this piece at Drury Lane Theatre, he had a new singer to bring out, and every thing possible for her advantage was to be done; this necessarily occasioned some new songs and airs to be introduced; and other singers, with voices of a different compass from those who originally acted the parts, occasioned still more; by which means the greatest part of the music unavoidably became new. This is the chief, and indeed the only alteration made in the Opera; and even to that I should, in many places, have been forced, much against my will, had it not given a fresh opportunity to Mr. Dibdin to display his admirable talents as a musical composer. And I will be bold to say, that his airs, serious and comic, in this Opera, will appear to no disadvantage by being heard with those of some of the greatest masters.

The SCHOOL FOR FATHERS is added to the title, because the plot is evidently double; and that of Lionel and Clarissa alluded to but one part of it, as the readers and spectators will easily perceive.

I. B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY LANE.

	Men.
Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE . . .	Mr. Aickin
COLONEL OLDBOY	Mr. Suett.
LIONEL	Mr. Kelly
Mr. JESSAMY	Mr.
HARMAN	Mr. Dignum
JENKINS	Mr. Sedgwick

	Women.
CLARISSA	Mrs. Crouch
LADY MARY OLDBOY . . .	Mrs. Hopkins
DIANA	Mrs. Bland.
JENNY	Mrs. Edwards

COVENT GARDEN.

	Men.
Sir JOHN FLOWERDLE . . .	Mr. Hull
COLONEL OLDBOY	Mr. Quick
LIONEL	Mr. Johnſtone
Mr. JESSAMY	Mr. Bernard
HARMAN	Mr. Townſend
JENKINS	Mr. Bowden

	Women.
CLARISSA	Mrs. Serres
LADY MARY OLDBOY . . .	Mrs. Davenport
DIANA	Mrs. Clendining
JENNY	Mrs. Knight

LIONEL AND CLARISSA;

OR, THE

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Colonel OLDBOY*'s House: Colonel* OLDBOY *is discovered at Breakfast reading a Newspaper; at a little Distance from the Tea-table sits* JENKINS; *and on the opposite Side,* DIANA, *who appears playing upon a Harpsicord. A Girl attending.*

AIR.

AH! how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be grateful to the season,
It's pleasures let's employ;
Kind Nature gives, and Reason
Permits us to enjoy.

Col. Well said Dy, thank you Dy. This, Master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here, and kiss me, you slut, come here, and kiss me, you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa, you call one such names——

Col. A fine girl, Master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you —spirit!—I design to marry her to a Duke: how much money do you think a Duke would expect with such a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a Duke in it, I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady.

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country 'squire, eh! How say you to this, Dy! would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage; why you wou'd not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dian. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks, and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down because they are wild; and it is just the same with a husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot, to wound one of your sober pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing—

Col. Do you hear her, Master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son.

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, Master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say, he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expence, to Oxford; where, while his son lived, they were upon the same footing: and since our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation, he is come to

pay

pay us a visit, and Sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dian. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowerdale—You a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dian. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

AIR.

To rob them of strength, when wise Nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound, sound the trumpet, both sexes to arms
Our tyrants at once, and protectors!
We quickly shall see whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, JENKINS.

Col. Well, Master Jenkins! don't you think now that a Nobleman, a Duke, an Earl, or a Marquis, might be content to share his title——I say, you understand me——with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off Mortgages? Besides, there's a prospect of my whole estate; for I dare swear her brother will never have any children.

Jen. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as your's and Sir John Flowerdale's. *Col.*

Col. Why look you, Maſter Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honeſt gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd diſpute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial eſteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my ſon; ſhe is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a ſenſible girl, a worthy girl, and —a word in your ear—damn me if I a'n't very ſorry for her.

Jen. Sorry! Colonel?

Col. Ay——between ourſelves, Maſter Jenkins, my ſon won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, Maſter Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing, a prig—At ſixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, ſprightly boy, as you ſhould ſee in a thouſand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret——now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jen. Oh! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worſe huſband, I'll anſwer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality——I was prevailed upon to ſend him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jeſſamy, who had no children of his own, and promiſed to leave him an eſtate——he has got the eſtate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his Lordſhip's name for it. Now, Maſter Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jeſſamy is better than that of Oldboy.

Jen. Well! but Colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his Lordſhip has given your ſon an excellent education.

Col. Pſha! he ſent him to the univerſity, and to travel forſooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the univerſity myſelf, and never a ruſh the better for either. I quarrel'd with his Lordſhip about ſix years before his death, and ſo had not an opportunity of ſeeing how the youth went on; If I had, Maſter Jenkins, I would no more have ſuffered him to be made ſuch a monkey of——He has been in my houſe but three days, and it is all turned topſey-turvey by him and his raſcally ſervants——then his chamber is like a perfumer's

ſhop,

ſhop, with waſh-balls, paſtes, and pomatum——and do you know, he had the impudence to tell me yeſterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myſelf?

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my Lady Mary?

Col. What, my wife? In the old way, Maſter Jenkins; always complaining; ever ſomething the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs——but we have had the devil to pay lately—ſhe and I did not ſpeak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How ſo, Sir?

Col. A little affair of jealouſy—you muſt know, my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my ſoul it is a fine fat chubby infant as ever I ſet my eyes on; I have ſent it to nurſe; and between you and me, I believe I ſhall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my lady has a pretty vein of poetry; ſhe writ me an heroic epiſtle upon it, where ſhe calls me her dear falſe Damon; ſo I let her cry a little, promiſed to do ſo no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I muſt take my leave; I have delivered my meſſage, and Sir John may expect the pleaſure of your company to dinner.

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you ſtay to ſee my ſon? I have ſent to him, and ſuppoſe he will be here as ſoon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occaſion, good Sir: preſent my humble reſpects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins, you muſt not go till you drink ſomething—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch any thing ſtrong in the morning.

Col. Never touch any thing ſtrong! Why one bottle won't hurt you, man, this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuſe me.

AIR.

AIR.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glaſs,
And I lov'd a laſs,
And I did as younkers did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I muſt thoſe freaks forbear;
At ſixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worſe for wear.

SCENE III.

Mr. JESSAMY, *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *and then Colonel* OLDBOY.

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you ſhut the door there? Have you a mind I ſhould catch my death? This houſe is abſolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy-ſtone, or in a wind-mill.

Mr. Jes. I thought they told your Ladyſhip, that there was a meſſenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, Sir, and ſo there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's ſteward, who has lived in the family theſe forty years.

Mr. Jes. And pray, Sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himſelf: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been viſited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a ſoleciſm.

Col. 'Sblood, my Lady, its none. Sir John Flowerdale came but laſt night from his ſiſter's ſeat in the Weſt, and is a little out of order. But I ſuppoſe he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them.

Lady

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to ſay—

Col. He need not give himſelf ſo many affected airs; I think its very well if he gets ſuch a girl for going for; ſhe's one of the handſomeſt and richeſt in this country, and more than he deſerves.

Mr. Jes. That's an exceeding fine china jar your Ladyſhip has got in the next room; I ſaw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will ſend to my agent to purchaſe it: it is the true matchleſs old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that ſhe gave an hundred guineas for, on board an India-man; but ſhe reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankeen beakers, and a couple of ſhaking Mandarins, that the cuſtom-houſe officers took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jeſſamy, ſince that's the name you chooſe to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jes. Knock me down! Colonel! What do you mean? I muſt tell you, Sir, this is a language to which I have not been accuſtomed; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I ſhall be under a neceſſity of quitting your houſe?

Col. Quitting my houſe?

Mr. Jes. Yes, Sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, Sir, am not I your father, Sir, and have I not a right to talk to you as I like? I will, ſirrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the matter, Madam? I mean, Madam, that he might have been changed at nurſe, Madam; and I believe he was.

Mr. Jes. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you ſaucy jackanapes!

Lady M. Who's there? ſomebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into ſuch repeated convulſions—but I ſee your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very ſoon have that ſatisfaction.

Col.

Col. I can't bear the ſight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I ſhall faint.

Mr. Jes. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck firſt. This curſed ſharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Marg'ret, ſome hartſhorn. My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it ſhocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, Madam, its enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartſhorn! hartſhorn!

Mr. Jes. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jes. Will you give me leave to aſk you one queſtion?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Mr. Jes. I ſhould be glad to know, that's all, what ſingle circumſtance in my conduct, carriage, or figure, you can poſſibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, ſeriouſly, what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jes. Be ingenuous, ſpeak and ſpare not.

Col. You would know?

AIR.

Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you without any jeſt,
The thing of all things, which I hate and deteſt;
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-ſop;
Who, eſſenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks juſt like a doll for a milliner's ſhop.
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit;
All faſhion, no weight;
Who ſhrugs and takes ſnuff,
And carries a muff;

A minikin,
Finiking,
French powder-puff:
And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SCENE IV.

Lady MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What's the matter with the Colonel, Madam; does your Ladyſhip know?

Lady M. Heigho! don't be ſurprized, my dear; it was the ſame thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jeſſamy; they never could agree: that good-natured friendly ſoul, knowing the delicacy of my conſtitution, has often ſaid, ſiſter Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I aſſure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himſelf. In the year of the hard froſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-nine, when he firſt paid his addreſſes to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the conſent of your noble grandfather.

Mr. Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me: I believe there's many a Duke, nay Prince, who would eſteem themſelves happy in having ſuch a ſon——

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your ſiſter was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and ſets his heart upon ſeeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jes. He ſhould wiſh to ſee her look a little like a gentlewoman firſt. When ſhe was in London laſt winter, I am told ſhe was taken notice of by a few men. But ſhe wants air, manner.——

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it, but herſelf, without. I have tried her: about three years ago I ſet her to tranſlate a little French ſong: I found ſhe had not even an idea of verſification; and ſhe put down love and joy for rhyme—ſo I gave her over.

Mr. Jes. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sappho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the Colonel a little—Do my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma.

SCENE V.

Mr. JESSAMY.

Let me consider: I am going to visit a country Baronet here: who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter: the old gentleman has heard of my parts and understanding; Miss of my figure and address. But, suppose I should not like her when I see her? Why, positively, then I will not have her; the treaty's at an end, and, sans compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having suffered her to flatter herself with hopes, and shewing myself to her. She's a strange dowdy I dare believe: however, she brings provision with her for a separate maintenance.

Antoine, appretez la toilet. I am going to spend a curs'd day; that I perceive already; I wish it was over, I dread it as much as a general election.

AIR.

When a man of fashion condescends,
To herd among his country friends,
They watch his looks, his motions:
One booby gapes, another stares,
And all he says, does, eats, drinks, wears,
Must suit their rustic notions.

But as for this brutish old clown here;
S'death, why did I ever come down here!
The savage will now never quit me:
Then a consort to take,
For my family's sake,
I'm in a fine jeopardy split me!

Changes

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Study in Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S *Houſe; two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathematical Inſtruments.* CLARISSA *enters, followed by* JENNY.

AIR.

Clar. *Immortal pow'rs protect me,*
Aſſiſt, ſupport, direct me:
Relieve a heart oppreſt:
Ah! why this palpitation?
Ceaſe, buſy perturbation,
And let me, let me reſt.

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Clar. Nothing, Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, Madam, there is ſomething ails you indeed. Lord! what ſignifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am ſure it vexes me to the heart, ſo it does, to ſee ſuch a dear, ſweet, worthy young Lady, as you are, pining yourſelf to death.

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling ſo much on my account; but in a little time, I hope, I ſhall be eaſier.

Jen. Why, now, here to day, Madam, for ſartain you ought to be merry to day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one elſe better, I am ſure, I wiſh you had him, with all my ſoul.

Clar. Suppoſe, Jenny, I was ſo unfortunate, as to like a man without my father's approbation; would you wiſh me married to him?

Jen. I wiſh you married to any one, Madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho!

Jen. Madam! Madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace; I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not ſeem to be in over great ſpirits either. To be ſure, Madam, its no buſineſs of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was

known, there are thoſe in the houſe, who would give more than ever I ſhall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a ſartin perſon that ſhall be nameleſs.

Clar. What do you mean? I don't underſtand you?

Jen. I hope you are not angry, Madam?

Clar. Ah! Jenny———

Jen. Lauk! Madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm ſure it will be a thouſand pities, for it is the ſweeteſt colour, and looks the niceſt put up in a cue—and your great pudding-ſleeves! Lord! they'll quite ſpoil his ſhape, and the fall of his ſhoulders. Well! Madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel ſhould be a parſon, if I could help it.

Clar. I'm going into my dreſſing room—It ſeems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of your's; but, pray Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one elſe.

Jen. Me talk! Madam, I thought you knew me better; and, my dear Lady, keep up your ſpirits. I'm ſure I have dreſſed you to day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

AIR.

I'm but a poor ſervant, 'tis true, Ma'am;
But was I a lady like you, Ma'am,
In grief would I ſit? The dickens a bit;
No, faith, I would ſearch the world thro', Ma'am,
To find what my liking could hit.

Set in caſe a young man,
In my fancy there ran;
It might anger my friends and relations:
But if I had regard,
It ſhould go very hard,
Or I'd follow my own inclinations.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, LIONEL.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a ſudden, this way: and at ſuch a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company muſt be doubly agreeable, as well as neceſſary to us? I am ſure you have no ſtudies at preſent, that require your attendance at Oxford: I muſt, therefore, inſiſt on your putting ſuch thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, Sir, I have been ſo long from the univerſity, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no abſolute ſtudies; but, really, Sir, I ſhall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go.

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for ſome time obſerved a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reaſon of it: I know, to minds ſerious, and well inclined, like yours, the ſacred functions you are about to embrace——

Lion. Dear Sir, your goodneſs to me, of every kind, is ſo great, ſo unmerited! Your condeſcenſion, your friendly attentions—in ſhort, Sir, I want words to expreſs my ſenſe of obligations——

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my laſt letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, ſtill continues in good health, conſidering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from deſiring the death of ſo worthy and pious a man; yet, I muſt own, at this time, I could wiſh you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage; which would give me a ſecret ſatisfaction.

Lion. No doubt, Sir, any office in my power, that could be inſtrumental to the happineſs of any in your family, I ſhould perform with pleaſure.

Sir John. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended huſband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clariſſa perfectly happy: to be ſure, the alliance is the moſt eligible, for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is ſenſible of his happineſs in the alliance, Sir.

Sir John. The fondneſs of a father is always ſuſpected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to ſay, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her perſon is agreeable, her temper ſweet, her underſtanding good; and, with the obligations ſhe has to your inſtruction——

Lion. You do my endeavours too much honour, Sir: I have been able to add nothing to Miſs Flowerdale's accompliſhments, but a little knowledge in matters of ſmall importance to a mind already ſo well improved.

Sir John. I don't think ſo; a little knowledge, even in thoſe matters, is neceſſary for a woman, in whom, I am far from conſidering ignorance as a deſireable characteriſtic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with preciſion, and gives them a degree of ſolidity neceſſary for the companion of a ſenſible man.

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, Sir.

Sir John. I ſee him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to ſay to him; and will return to you again in a minute.

SCENE VIII.

LIONEL: *afterwards* CLARISSA, *and then* JENNY, *who enters abruptly, and runs out again.*

Lion. To be a burthen to one's ſelf, to wage continual war with one's own paſſions, forced to combat, unable to overcome! But ſee, ſhe appears, whoſe preſence turns all my ſufferings into tranſport, and makes even miſery itſelf delightful.

Perhaps, Madam, you are not at leiſure now; otherwiſe, if you thought proper, we would reſume the ſubject we were upon yeſterday.

Clar. I am ſure, Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam, you give me no trouble; I ſhould think every hour of my life happily employed in your ſervice; and as this is probably the laſt time I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of attending you upon the ſame occaſion——

Clar.

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myſelf extremely obliged to you; and ſhall ever conſider the enjoyment of your friendſhip——

Lion. My friendſhip, Madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the moſt perfect adoration, if the warmeſt wiſhes for your felicity, though I ſhould never be witneſs of it: if theſe, Madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance a man once honoured with a ſhare of your eſteem——

Clar. Hold, Sir—I think I hear ſomebody.

Lion. If you pleaſe, Madam, we'll turn over this celeſtial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I left you yeſterday.

Clar. Really, Sir, I have been ſo much diſturbed in my thoughts for theſe two or three days paſt, that I have not been able to look at any thing.

Lion. I am ſorry to hear that, Madam; I hope there was nothing particular to diſturb you. The care Sir John takes to diſpoſe of your hand in a manner ſuitable to your birth and fortune.

Clar. I don't know, Sir;—I own I am diſturbed; I own I am uneaſy; there is ſomething weighs upon my heart, which I would fain diſcloſe.

Lion. Upon your heart, Madam! did you ſay your heart?

Clar. I—did, Sir,——I——

Jen. Madam! Madam! Here's a coach and ſix driving up the avenue: It's Colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe the gentleman is in it, that's coming to court you.—Lord, I muſt run and have a peep at him out of the window.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why ſo, Sir?—Bleſs me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter!—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam!

Clar. Pray ſpeak to me, Sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cauſe of this ſudden change.—How are you?—Where's your diſorder?

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

AIR.

AIR.

You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison and feeds the disease.

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, DIANA.

Dian. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us;—and give me leave to sit down with you a little:—I am in such a tremor, such a panic———

Clar. Mercy on us, what has happened?

Dian. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman; I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence: And, in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madness! But this is not the worst, for what do you think, the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's!

Clar. At your father's!

Dian. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse jockey. He told me a long story of some tale that he intended to invent to make my father receive him as an indifferent person; and that some gentleman in London,

don, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face; and he longed to see me so, he said, he could not live without it; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me——

Clar. Well, and what answer did you make?

Dian. Oh! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—But—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—Just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear!—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Is'nt my Lady below?

Dian. Yes, and I must run down to her. You'll have my brother here presently too, he wou'd fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father insisted on his walking with him over the fields.

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman that you consider the outrage he has committed against you, in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon and asking to stay.

Clar. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it: and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live.

Dian. Must I tell him so?

AIR.

Ah, pr'ythee spare me, dearest creature!
How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature?
Kneeling before me,
Shou'd I hear him implore me;
Cou'd I accuse him.
Could I refuse him,
The boon he shou'd ask?
Set not a lover the cruel task *No,*

No, believe me, my dear,
Was he now ſtanding here,
In ſpite of my frights and alarms,
I might rate him, might ſcold him——
But ſhould ſtrive to ſtill hold him——
And ſink at laſt into his arms.

SCENE X.

CLARISSA.

How eaſy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own! I can give my friend advice, while I am conſcious of the ſame indiſcretion in myſelf! Yet is it criminal to know the moſt worthy, moſt amiable man in the world, and not to be inſenſible to his merit? But my father, the kindeſt, beſt of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be ſure that the man I love loves me again? He never told me ſo: but his looks, his actions, his preſent anxiety ſufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generoſity, will not ſuffer him to utter——

AIR.

Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverſe,
Like ſullen vapours all diſperſe,
And ſcatter in the wind.
Deluſive phantoms, brood of night,
No more my fickly fancy fright,
No more my reaſon blind.
'Tis done; I feel my ſoul releas'd:
The viſions fly, the miſts are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.

SCENE XI.

Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S *Houſe, with Gates, and a Proſpect of the Garden.*

HARMAN *enters with Colonel* OLDBOY.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not ſeen him theſe twelve years: he was an honeſt

honeſt worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was curſedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of ſpirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this buſineſs of your's, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't ſee much in it—an affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, Sir, we hope not; but, as the matter is dubious, and will probably make ſome noiſe, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when, hearing my caſe, Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he ſaid, he was ſure you would permit me to remain at your houſe for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the caſe—And the girl's friends are in buſineſs—I'll tell you what will be the conſequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your ſolicitor, and if you are obliged to pay for a ſingle ſpoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hoſpital.

Har. You are very kind, Sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you ſay there's money to be had—ſuppoſe you marry the wench.

Har. Do you think, Sir, that wou'd be ſo right, after what has happened? Beſides, Sir, there's a ſtronger objection—To tell you the truth I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh! you are.

Har. Yes, Sir, but there are obſtacles—A father—In ſhort, Sir, the miſtreſs of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my preſent ſituation a little irkſome.

Col. In this county! Zounds! then I am ſure I am acquainted with her, and the firſt letter of her name is——

Har. Excuſe me, Sir, I have particular reaſons——

Col.

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha! ha! ha! My ſon, picking his ſteps like a dancing-maſter. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the houſe, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have ſome ſport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, Sir, I'll take the liberty.

Col. But, d'ye hear, I muſt have a little more diſcourſe with you about this girl; perhaps ſhe's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of ſervice to you.

Har. Well, remember, Colonel, I ſhall try your friendſhip.

AIR.

Indulgent pow'rs if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compaſſion,
And hear a lover now.

For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your ſhrine;
I aſk this only bleſſing,
Let her I love be mine.

SCENE I.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, *and ſeveral Servants.*

Col. Why, Zounds! one wou'd think you had never put your feet to the ground before; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jeruſalem.

Mr. Jeſ. Colonel, you have uſed me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner? you told me the way was all over a bowling-green; only ſee what a condition I am in!

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty? Is that my fault? Beſides, we miſtook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will be never the worſe when they are bruſhed a little.

Mr. Jeſ. Antoine! have you ſent La Roque for the ſhoes

ſhoes and ſtockings? Give me a glaſs out of your pocket —not a duſt of powder left in my hair, and the friſſure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—get your comb and pomatum; you muſt borrow ſome powder; I ſuppoſe there's ſuch a thing as a dreſſing-room in the houſe?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glaſs of wine curſedly—but hold! hold! Frank, where are you going? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you pleaſe; I ſee there's ſomebody coming out to welcome us.

SCENE XIII.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, LIONEL, DIANA, CLARISSA.

Lion. Colonel, your moſt obedient; Sir John is walking with my Lady in the garden, and has commiſſioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to ſee you—come here, Frank—this is my ſon, Sir.

Lion. Sir, I am exceeding proud to——

Mr. Jes. Can't you get the powder then;

Col. Miſs Clary, my little Miſs Clary—give me a kiſs; my dear—as handſome as an angel, by heavens—Frank, why don't you come here? this is Miſs Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh Heavens, Clariſſa! Juſt as I ſaid, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jes. Had'nt we better go into the houſe?

AIR.

To be made in ſuch a pickle!
Will you pleaſe to lead the way, Sir?

Col. *No, but if you pleaſe, you may, Sir,*
For precedence none will ſtickle.

Dian. *Brother, no politeneſs? Bleſs me!*
Will you not your hand beſtow?
Lead the Lady.

Clar. ——*Don't diſtreſs me;*
Dear Diana let him go.

Mr. Jes. *Ma'am permit me.*
Col. ——————*Smoke the beau.*
A. 2. *Cruel muſt I, can I bear?*
Oh adverſe ſtars!
Oh fate ſevere!
Beſet, tormented,
Each hope prevented:
Col. *None but the brave deſerve the fair.*
Come Ma'am let me lead you:
Now, Sir, I precede you.
A. 5. *Lovers muſt ill uſage bear.*
Oh adverſe ſtars! oh fate ſevere
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir John FLOWERDALE'S *Houſe, with the View of a grand Stair-caſe, through an Arch. On either ſide of the Stair-caſe below, two Doors, leading from different Apartments.*

LIONEL *enters, followed by* JENNY.

Jenny.

WELL, but Mr. Lionel, conſider, pray conſider now; how can you be ſo prodigious undiſcreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up ſo ſoon after dinner, and before any of the reſt of the company?

Lion. For Heaven's ſake, Jenny, don't ſpeak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the moſt wretched and miſerable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear ſoul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miſerable enough indeed; and I aſſure you I have pitied you a great while, and ſpoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had ſuch a friend in a corner.

Lion. But, good Jenny, ſince, by ſome accident or other, you have been able to diſcover what I would willingly hide from all the world, I conjure you, as you regard

gard my interest, as you value your Lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides, who would not be in love with my Lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is the handsomest, sweetest temperdest! And I am sure, one of the best mistresses, ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh Jenny! she's an angel.

Jen. And so she is, indeed—Do you know that she gave me her blue and silver sack to-day, and it is every crum as good as new: and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally sartain she would liverer see a toad, than this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose I never saw on a face.

Lion. By heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy: moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation: and so's a sign; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect: No, I am unhappy, and let me continue so; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you, I must needs say! but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it; and if it should be my Lady's case, it is no fault of yours. I am sure, when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim full of tears: and so I fell a crying for company—and then she said she could not abide the chap in the parlour; and at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her

in the garden this evening after tea; for she has something to say to you.

Lion. Jenny, I see you are my friend; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service; take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour; I am your friend indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to be in the garden now; and in the mean time keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their own business.

Lion. Pray have a care, Jenny, have a care, my dear girl, a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care, yourself: it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about; you look, for all the world like a ghost; and, if you don't pluck up your spirits, you will be a ghost soon: letting things get the better of you. Though, to be sure, when I thinks myself, being crossed in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born, made away with himself on account of it.

Lion. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say, fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out; my lady's estate will be better than three bishoprics, if Sir John could give them to you. Think of that, Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what?

AIR.

Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be contented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that wou'd I own;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.

SCENE

SCENE II.

JENNY, *Colonel* OLDBOY.

Col. Very well, my Lady, I'll come again to you preſently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here, Molly! Jenny! Betty! What's your name? Why don't you anſwer me, huſſy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, Sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that woudn't prefer a raſcal to a gentleman—Come here, you ſlut, put your hands about my neck and kiſs me.

Jen. Who, I, Sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you ſhall go and live at one of my tenant's houſes.

Jen. I wonder you aren't aſhamed, Sir, to make an honeſt girl any ſuch propoſal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a lady of your own—To be ſure ſhe's a little ſtricken in years; but why ſhouldn't ſhe grow elderly as well as yourſelf?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl—

Jen. Well, then you may go look for one, Sir, I have no pretenſions to the title.

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charekter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruinate them.

Col. What, then people ſay——

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, Sir, though I'm in a menial ſtation, I'm come of people that wou'dn't ſee me put upon; there are thoſe that wou'd take my part againſt the proudeſt he in the land, that ſhould offer any thing uncivil.

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young lady like my ſon?

Jen. You want to pump me, do you? I ſuppoſe you

would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She doesn't like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, Sir—Isn't this a shame, now,—I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny said that, and t'other—But here, Sir, I ax you, Did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why, yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me! how can you——

Col. Ad, I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

AIR.

Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir.
Kiss me!—No, no, Sir.

You pull me, and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, Sir;
Nor will I be tame, Sir.
Lord have you no shame, Sir,
To tumble one so?

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Lady M. Mr Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear?—Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you; I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when: I have had no return of my bilious complain after dinner to day; and eat so voraciously! Did you observe Miss? Doctor Arsnic will be quite astonished

niſhed when he hears it; ſurely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of ſervice.

Col. Ah! you'll always be taking one ſlop or other, till you poiſon yourſelf.

Lady M. It brought Sir Barnaby Drugg from death's door, after having tried the Spaw and Briſtol waters without effect: it is good for ſeveral things, in many ſovereign; as in colds and conſumptions, and lowneſs of ſpirits: it corrects the humours, rectifies the juices, regulates the nervous ſyſtem, creates an appetite, prevents fluſhings and ſickneſs after meals, as alſo vain fears and head-achs; it is the fineſt thing in the world for an aſthma; and nobody that takes it, is ever troubled with hyſterics.

Col. Give me a pinch of your Ladyſhip's ſnuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty ſort of a man, Colonel, who is he!

Col. A young fellow, my Lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I proteſt he has the ſweeteſt taſte for poetry!—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother, Lord Jeſſamy, made on the mouſe that was drowned.

Col. Ay, a fine ſubject for a poem; a mouſe that was drowned in a——

Lady M. Huſh, my dear Colonel, don't mention it; to be ſure the circumſtance was vaſtly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morſel—I heard the Earl of Punley ſay, who underſtood Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus.

Col. Well, how did you like your ſon's behaviour at dinner, Madam? I thought the girl looked a little aſkew at him—Why, he found fault with every thing, and contradicted every body.

Lady M. Softly, Miſs Flowerdale, I underſtand, has deſired a private conference with him.

Col. What, Harman, have you got entertaining my daughter there? Come hither, Dy; has he been giving you a hiſtory of the accident that brought him here?

Dian. No, papa, the gentleman has been telling—he——

Lady M. No matter what, Miſs—'tis not polite to repeat what has been ſaid.

Col. Well, well, my Lady, you know the compact we made; the boy is your's, the girl mine——Give me your hand, Dy.

Lady M. Colonel, I have done—Pray, Sir, was there any news when you left London; any thing about the Eaſt-Indies, the miniſtry, or politics of any kind; I am ſtrangely fond of politics; but I hear nothing ſince my Lord Jeſſamy's death; he uſed to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himſelf. I have a manuſcript ſpeech of his in my cabinet—He never ſpoke it, but it is as a fine a thing as ever came from man?

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyſhip's petticoat?

Lady M. Where! Where!

Col. Zounds! a ſpider with legs as long as my arm,

Lady M. Oh Heavens! Ah don't let me look at it! I ſhall faint, I ſhall faint! A ſpider! a ſpider! a ſpider!

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Col. Hold; zounds let her go; I knew the ſpider would ſet her a galloping, with her damned fuſs about her brother, my Lord Jeſſamy.—Harman, come here.—How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handſome as this?

Har. In my opinion, Sir.

Col. What, as handſome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds ſhe has not ſuch a pair of eyes.——He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love, and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dian. Now, for my part, Papa, I doubt it very much; though, by what I heard the gentleman ſay juſt now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him; and yet he may be miſtaken there too.

Col.

Col. For ſhame, Dy, what the miſchief do you mean? How can you talk ſo tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes! Give him your hand, and aſk his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.——For all this, ſhe is as good-natured a little devil, as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, Sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for ſome time carried on a private correſpondence with my lovely girl; and that her father, whoſe conſent we deſpair of obtaining, is the great obſtacle to our happineſs.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in ſpight of him, then?—I ran away with my wife—aſk my Lady Mary, ſhe'll tell you the thing herſelf.—Her old conceited Lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithſtanding their cheveux-de-frize of broken glaſs bottles, took her out of a three pair of ſtairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms——By the way, ſhe would have ſqueezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been ſurrounded with the three regiments of guards.

Dian. But, ſurely, Papa, you would not perſuade the gentleman to ſuch a proceeding as this is; conſider the noiſe it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviſer and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care? I ſay, if he takes my adviſe he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the aſſiſtance I can.

Har. I am ſure, Sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very ſcheme in my head, if I thought it was feaſible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feaſible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feaſible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have ſpirit ſufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, Sir, I can anſwer.

Dian. What, Sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har.

Har. No, Ma'am, that I have ſpirit enough to take her, if ſhe is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promiſe, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether ſhe is or not.

Col. So he may; ſhe lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to ſerve you. You ſhall have my poſt-chaiſe at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any uſe to you, you may command 'em,

Har. And are you really ſerious, Sir?

Col. Serious; damme if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my houſe; whenever you come, you ſhall have a ſupper and a bed; but you muſt marry her firſt, becauſe my Lady will be ſqueamiſh.

Dian. Well, but, my dear Papa, upon my word you have a great deal to anſwer for: ſuppoſe it was your own caſe to have a daughter in ſuch circumſtances, would you be obliged to any one—

Col. Hold your tongue, Huſſy, who bid you put in your oar! However, Harman, I don't want to ſet you upon any thing; 'tis no affair of mine to be ſure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act, if I was in your place.

Har. I aſſure you, Sir, I am quite charmed with the advice; and ſince you are ready to ſtand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are—

Har. Poſitively—

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand:—You underſtand me—No occaſion to talk any further of it at preſent—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him ſome tea.—I ſay, Harman, Mum.—

Har. O, Sir.

Col. What do you mean by your grave looks, miſtreſs?

AIR.

AIR.

How curſedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have ſnapt up his daughter;
But ſhift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you ſoon ſhall have caught her.

What a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill-natur'd fox
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be ſet in the ſtocks'
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SCENE V.

DIANA, HARMAN.

Dian. Sir, I deſire to know what groſs acts of imprudence you have ever diſcovered in me, to authorize you in this licence, or make you imagine I ſhould not ſhew ſuch marks of my reſentment as your monſtrous treatment of me deſerves.

Har. Nay, my dear Diana, I confeſs I have been rather too bold;—but conſider, I languiſh'd to ſee you: and when an opportunity offer'd to give me that pleaſure without running any riſque, either of your quiet or reputation, how hard was it to be reſiſted? 'Tis true, I little thought my viſit would be attended with ſuch happy conſequences as it now ſeems to promiſe.

Dian. What do you mean?

Har. Why, don't you ſee your father has an inclination I ſhould run away with you, and is contriving the means himſelf?

Dian. And do you think me capable of concuring? Do you think I have no more duty?

Har. I don't know that, Madam; I am ſure your refuſing to ſeize ſuch an opportunity to make me happy, gives evident proofs that you have very little love.

Dian.

Dian. If there is now way to convince you of my love but by my indiſcretion, you are welcome to conſider it in what light you pleaſe.

Har. Was ever ſo unfortunate a dog?

Dian. Very pretty this upon my word; but is it poſſible you can be in earneſt?

Har. It is a matter of too much conſequence to jeſt about.

Dian. And you ſeriouſly think I ought.———

Har. You are ſenſible there are no hopes of your father's cooly and wittingly conſenting to our marriage; chance has thrown in our way a whimſical method of ſurprizing him into a compliance, and why ſhould not we avail ourſelves of it?

Dian. And ſo you would have me—

Har. I ſhall ſay no more, Ma'am.

Dian. Nay, but, for Heaven's ſake——

Har. No, Madam, no; I have done.

Dian. And are you poſitively in this violent fuſs about the matter, or only giving yourſelf airs?

Har. You may ſuppoſe what you think proper, Madam.

Dian. Well, come;—let us go into the drawing-room and drink tea, and afterwards we'll talk of matters.

Har. I won't drink any tea.

Dian. Why ſo?

Har. Becauſe I don't like it.

Dian. Not like it! Ridiculous.

Har. I wiſh you would let me alone.

Dian. Nay, pr'ythee——

Har. I won't.

Dian. Well, will you, if I conſent to act as you pleaſe.

Har. I don't know whether I will or not.

Dian, Ha, ha, ha, poor Harman.

AIR.

Come then, pining, peeviſh lover,
Tell me what to do and ſay;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it ſhall have its way.

With

With their humours, thus to teaze us,
Men are ſure the ſtrangeſt elves!
Silly creatures, would you pleaſe us,
You ſhould ſtill ſeem pleas'd yourſelves.

SCENE VI.

HARMAN.

Say'ſt thou ſo, my girl! Then Love renounce me, if I drive not old Truepenny's humour to the uttermoſt.—Let me conſider;—what ill conſequence can poſſibly attend it?—The deſign is his own, as in part will be the execution.—He may perhaps be angry when he finds out the deceit.—Well;—he deceives himſelf; and faults we commit ourſelves, we ſeldom find much difficulty in pardoning.

AIR.

Hence with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and nought ſhall ſtay me;
Boldly for that prize I ſteer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves diſmay me.

Yet, raſh lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none elſe to guide you.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a handſome Dreſſing-room, ſuppoſed to be CLARISSA'S. *On one ſide, between the Wings, is a Table with a Glaſs, Boxes, and two Chairs.* DIANA *enters before* JESSAMY.

Diana. Come, brother, I undertake to be miſtreſs of the ceremony upon this occaſion, and introduce you to your firſt audience.——Miſs Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Mr. Jeſ. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dreſſing-room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themſelves, they are all errant ſtone-maſons;

not one of them knows the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose, and mouth, to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place: *quelle horrible physionomie?*

Dian. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jes. Pale;——but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see;—has she got any in her boxes here; *Veritable toilet a l'Angloise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

Dian. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you; You are now going to entertain a young Lady—Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which, some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you, she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jes. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dian. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jes. Go on, sister,—ha, ha, ha!

Dian. I protest I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitutes the power of pleasing all women.

Mr. Jes. You had better return to the gentleman, and give him his tea, my dear.

Dian. These qualifications we find in our parrots and

monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as dégagè and alluring as most of them.

AIR.

Ladies, pray admire a figure,
Fait selon le dernier gout.
First, his hat, in size no bigger
Than a Chinese womans' shoe;
Six yards of ribbon bind
His hair en baton behind;
While his fore-top's so high,
That in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo.

Then his waist so long and taper,
'Tis an absolute thread-paper:
Maids resist him, you that can;
Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
And call myself a man.

SCENE VIII.

CLARISSA, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Clar. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it —I am, really, greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jes. My dear creature, don't be embarrassed before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but, this is a species of *mauvaise honte*, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better; and, with regard to for-

tune, full as well—But, you pleaſe me—Upon my ſoul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, Sir, keep your ſeat.

Mr. Jes. Mauvaiſe honte again. My dear, there is nothing in theſe little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I ſhall do every thing to render your life happy.

Clar. Ah! Sir, pardon me. The happineſs of my life depends upon a circumſtance——

Mr. Jes. Oh! I underſtand you—You have been told, I ſuppoſe, of the Italian opera girl—Rat peoples' tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and ſhe is now here. But, be ſatisfied; I'll give her a thouſand pounds, and ſend her about her buſineſs.

Clar. Me, Sir! I proteſt nobody told me—Lord! I never heard any ſuch thing, or enquired about it.

Mr. Jes. No! have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Piſa, with the Principeſſa del——

Clar. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jes. Well, I was afraid they might, becauſe, in this rude country—But, why ſilent on a ſudden?—don't be afraid to ſpeak.

Clar. no, Sir, I will come to the ſubject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generoſity.

Mr. Jes. You'll find me as generous as a prince, depend on't.

Clar. I am bleſs'd, Sir, with one of the beſt of fathers: I never yet diſobeyed him; in which I have had little merit? for his commands hitherto have been to ſecure my own felicity.

Mr. Jes. Apres ma chere—

Clar. But now, Sir, I am under the ſhocking neceſſity of diſobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jes. Hem!

Clar. Our union is impoſſible— my preſent ſituation —the gloomy proſpect before me— the inquietude of my mind——

AIR.

Poor panting heart, ah! wilt thou ever
Throb within my troubled breaſt;
Shall I ſee the moment never,
That is doom'd to give me reſt?

Cruel ſtars! that thus torment me,
Still I ſeek for eaſe in vain,
All my efforts but preſent me
With variety of pain.

SCENE IX.

JESSAMY, JENKINS.

Mr. Jes. Who's there?

Jen. Do you call, Sir?

Mr. Jes. Hark you, old gentleman! who are you?

Jen. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jes. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's ſteward; a ſervant he puts confidence in.

Jen. Sir, I have ſerved Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the beſt of maſters; and, I believe, he has ſome dependance on my attachment and fidelity.

Mr. Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I ſhall condeſcend to ſpeak to you. Does your maſter know who I am? Does he know, Sir, that I am likely to be a Peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thouſand pounds a year; that I have paſſed through all Europe with diſtinguiſhed eclat; that I refuſed the daughter of Vanheer Van Slokenſolk, the great Dutch burgomaſter; and, that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a proteſtant, I might have married the niece of his preſent holineſs the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thouſand piaſters?

Jen. I am ſure, Sir, my maſter has all the reſpect imaginable——

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, how comes he, after my ſhewing an inclination to be allied to his family; how comes he, I ſay, to bring me to his houſe to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the

wrong; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a Lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jen. Pray, good Sir, what's the matter?

Mr. Jes. Why, Sir, this is the matter, Sir—your master's daughter, Sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence: and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first, with regard to her, that I think she is a silly, ignorant, aukward, ill-bred country puss.

Jen. Oh! Sir, for Heaven's sake——

Mr. Jes. And, that with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old, doating, ridiculous, country 'squire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jen. Good Lord! Good Lord!

Mr. Jes. And, advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad I will affront them, in the first place I meet them——And, if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

AIR.

In Italy, Germany, France, have I been;
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've seen;
The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me,
Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.

And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me,
Presume to refuse me!
She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,
I'm pleas'd I declare,
Quite happy to think I escape from the snare:
Serviteur Mam'selle; my claim I withdraw.
Hey, where are my people? Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

SCENE

SCENE X.

JENKINS.

I muſt go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young ſpark; for he is a man of ſpirit, and would reſent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and, as ſtout as he is, I fancy theſe old fiſts would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miſs Clariſſa: but ſhe is incapable of treating him in the manner he ſays. Perhaps ſhe may have behaved with ſome coldneſs towards him; and yet, that is a myſtery to me too.

AIR.

We all ſay the man was exceedingly knowing,
And knowing moſt ſurely was he,
Who found out the cauſe of the ebbing and flowing,
The flux and reflux of the ſea.

Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
Who firſt mark'd the courſe of a comet;
To what it was owing,
Its coming and going,
Its wanderings hither and thither;
But the man that divines
A Lady's deſigns,
Their cauſe or effect,
In any reſpect,
Is wiſer than all put together.

SCENE XI.

Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S *Garden; with a View of a Canal, by Moon-light: the Side Scenes repreſent Box-hedges, intermixed with Statues and Flowering Shrubs,* LIONEL *enters, leading* CLARISSA.

Lion. Hiſt—methought I heard a noiſe—ſhould we be ſurpriſed together, at a juncture ſo critical; what might be the conſequence—I know not how it is; but, at this, the happieſt moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart——— *Clar.*

Clar. Then what ſhould I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have diſcovered ſentiments which, perhaps, I ſhould have hid, with a frankneſs, that by a man leſs generous, leſs noble-minded than yourſelf, might be conſtrued to my diſadvantage.

Lion. Oh! wound me not with ſo cruel an expreſſion—You love me, and have condeſcended to confeſs it ——You have ſeen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you——

Clar. And yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the moſt malicious ſuggeſt? They could but ſay, that truth and ſincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dared to ſpeak the honeſt ſenſations of the mind; that, while you aimed at improving my underſtanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lion. And is it! is it poſſible!

Clar. Be calm, and liſten to me! what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor raſhly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a ſacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deſerving man in the world———

Lion. If to doat on you more than life be to deſerve you, ſo far I have merit; if to have no wiſh, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied diſtinction of a moment's regard, ſo far I dare pretend.

Clar. That I have this day refuſed a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born for quiet and ſimplicity, the crowds of the world, the noiſe attending pomp and diſtinction, have no charms for me: I wiſh to paſs my life, in rational tranquillity, with a friend whoſe virtues I can reſpect, whoſe talents I can admire; who will make my eſteem the baſis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea—form'd with the ſame ſentiments, the ſame feelings, the ſame tender paſſion for each other—Nature deſign'd us to compoſe that ſacred union which nothing but death can annul.

Clar. One only thing remember——Secure in each other's

other's affections, here we muſt reſt—I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchaſe the empire of the world.

Lion. Command—diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe—angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and I will believe that ours are already regiſter'd in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe ſo too.

AIR.

Go, and on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and ſorrow flying,
Leave to peace and love your breaſt.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles ſafely ſteer us
To a port of joy and reſt.

SCENE XII.

LIONEL, *Sir* JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir John. Who's there? Lionel?

Lion. Heav'ns! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale!

Sir John. Who's there?

Lion. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here, Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been ſearching for you this half hour, and was at laſt told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare ſwear will ſhock and ſurprize you; my daughter has refuſed Colonel Oldboy's ſon, who is this minute departed the houſe in violent reſentment of her ill treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, Sir?

Sir John. Yes; and the family are preparing to follow him. Oh! Lionel, Clariſſa has deceived me; in this affair ſhe has ſuffered me to deceive myſelf. The meaſures which I have been ſo long preparing are broken in a moment——my hopes fruſtrated; and both parties,

parties, in the ſight of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo much moved;—pray, Sir, recover yourſelf.

Sir John. I am ſorry, Lionel, ſhe has profited no better by your leſſons of philoſophy, than to impoſe upon and diſtreſs ſo kind a father.

Lion. Have juſter thoughts of her, Sir; ſhe has not impoſed on you—ſhe is incapable—have but a little patience, and things may be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is paſt, and there's an end to it; yet I would conjecture to what ſuch an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be ſatisfied of the motive that could urge her to ſo extraordinary a proceeding, without the leaſt intimation, the leaſt warning to me, or any of her friends.

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miſs Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing elſe could occaſion———

Sir John. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no ſettled averſion; and ſurely her affections are not engaged elſewhere!

Lion. Engag'd, Sir——No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be poſitive, Sir——I'm ſure——

Sir John. O worthy young man, whoſe integrity, openneſs, and every good quality, have rendered dear to me as my own child; I ſee this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me, indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular diſappointment ought not to be detrimental to you—nor ſhall it—I well know how irkſome it is to a generous mind to live in a ſtate of dependence; and have long had it in my thoughts to make you eaſy for life.

Lion. Sir John, the ſituation of my mind, at preſent, is a little diſturbed—ſpare me—I beſeech you ſpare me—why will you perſiſt in a goodneſs that makes me aſham'd of myſelf? *Sir John*

Sir John. There is an eſtate in this county, which I purchaſed ſome years ago; by me it will never be miſſed, and whoever marries my daughter will have little reaſon to complain of my diſpoſing of ſuch a triſle for my own gratification. On the preſent marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for ſome time preparing; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is your's, my dear Lionel, with every good wiſh that the warmeſt friend can beſtow.

Lion. Sir, if you preſented a piſtol, with deſign to ſhoot me, I would ſubmit to it; but you muſt excuſe me, I cannot lay myſelf under more obligations.

Sir John. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favor on myſelf: however, we'll talk no more on the ſubject at preſent; let us walk towards the houſe, our friends will depart elſe without my bidding them adieu.

SCENE XIII.

DIANA, CLARISSA, *and afterwards* LIONEL.

Dian. So then, my dear Clariſſa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds.

Clar. I don't make it an abſolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture, with great probability on its ſide.

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know ſomething of aſtronomy, but—that that little ſhining thing there, which ſeems not much larger than a ſilver plate, ſhould, perhaps, contain great cities, like London; and who can tell but that they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of faſhion! Lord, the people of faſhion in the moon muſt be ſtrange creatures.

Clar. Methinks Venus ſhines very bright in yonder corner.

Dian. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I ſuppoſe,

poſe, if there are any inhabitants there, they muſt be all lovers.

Lion. Was ever ſuch a wretch—I can't ſtay a moment in a place; where is my repoſe?—fled with my virtue—Was I then born for falſhood and diſſimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conſcious of it—to impoſe upon my friend—to betray my benefactor—and to lie to hide my ingratitude—a monſter in a moment—No, I may be the moſt unfortunate of men, but I will not be the moſt odious—while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honeſt, I will obey its voice.

SCENE XIV.

DIANA, CLARISSA, LIONEL, *Colonel* OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Dy, where are you?—What the miſchief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your Mamma is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning aſtronomy, Sir: do you know, Papa, that the moon is inhabited.

Col. Huſſy, you are half a lunatic yourſelf; come here, things have gone juſt as I imagin'd they wou'd, the girl has refus'd your brother, I knew he muſt diſguſt her.

Dian. Women will want taſte, now and then, Sir.

Col. But I muſt talk to the young Lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it:—in ſhort, all the neceſſary operations are ſettled between us, and I am to leave this houſe to-morrow morning, if I can but perſuade the young lady.

Dian. Aye, but I hope the young lady will have more ſenſe—Lord, how can you teaze me with your nonſenſe? Come, Sir, isn't it time for us to go in? Her Ladyſhip will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you—Miſs Clariſſa, my dear, tho' I am father to the puppy who has diſ-

pleaſed

pleased you, give me a kiss; you serv'd him right, and I thank you for it. AIR.

Col. *O what a night is here for love!*
Cynthia brightly shines above;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling;
Stars a twinkling,
Dian. *O what a night is here for love!*
So may the morn propitious prove;
Har. *And so it will, if right I guess;*
For sometimes light
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.
A. 2. *Farewel, my friend,*
May gentle rest
Calm each tumult in your breast,
Every pain and fear remove.
Lion. *What have I done?*
Where shall I run?
With grief and shame at once oppress;
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distrest?
A. 3. *Hark to Philomel, how sweet,*
From yonder elm.
Col. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*
A. 5. *O what a night is here for love!*
But vainly nature strives to move.
Nor nightingale among the trees,
Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
Nor murm'ring streams,
Nor Phœbe's beams,
Can charm, unless the heart's at ease.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Colonel OLDBOY'S *House.* HARMAN *enters with his Hat Boots, and Whip, followed by* DIANA.

Dian. Pry'thee, hear me.
Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dian. I am afraid of the ſtep we are going to take; indeed, I am: 'tis true my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on conſideration, I think I ſhould appear leſs culpable if he was not ſo; I am at once criminal myſelf, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me?

Dian. Suppoſe I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderneſs, to blind my reaſon: how can you have ſo little regard for my honour as to ſacrifice it to a vain triumph? For it is in that light I ſee the raſh action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks my conſenting to it ſhould injure me in your own eſteem. When a woman forgets what ſhe owes herſelf, a lover ſhould ſet little value upon any thing ſhe gives to him.

Har. Can you ſuppoſe then—can you imagine, that my paſſion will ever make me forget the veneration ——And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dian. At beſt, I ſhall incur the cenſure of diſobedience, and indiſcretion; and is it nothing to a young woman, what the world ſays of her? Ah! my good friend, be aſſured, ſuch a diſregard of the world is the firſt ſtep towards deſerving its reproaches.

Har. But, the neceſſity we are under—Mankind has too much good ſenſe, too much good nature—

Dian. Every one has good ſenſe enough to ſee other peoples' faults, and good nature enough to overlook their own. Beſides, the moſt ſacred things may be made an ill uſe of, and even marriage itſelf, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourſelf ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? ſlip into the garden: be there at the iron-gate, which you ſhewed me juſt now; and, as the poſt-chaiſe comes round, I will take you in.

Dian. Dear Harman let me beg of you to deſiſt.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dian. I ſhall never have reſolution to carry me through it.

Har.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dian. In short—I——cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—into the garden—Won't you?

AIR.

Dian. *How can you, inhuman! persist to distress me?*
My danger, my fears, 'tis in vain to disguise:
You know them, yet still to destruction you press me,
And force that from passion which prudence denies.
I fain would oppose a perverse inclination;
The visions of fancy, from reason divide;
With fortitude baffle the wiles of temptation,
And let love no longer make folly its guide.

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room, there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, Sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light——

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad I wish I had catched her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well—now let me ask you,—don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

Har. Certainly, Sir; and I'll write directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd! I won't truſt you with it; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit ſome curſed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me: I have writ the letter for you myſelf.

Har. Have you, Sir?

Col. Ay—here, read it; I think it's the thing: however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, ſecretly; ſhe aſſures me there is no hope of your conſenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it.—I am a gentleman who will uſe her well; and, when you conſider the matter, I dare ſwear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you ſhall find I dare behave myſelf like a man—A word to the wiſe—You muſt expect to hear from me in another ſtile."

Col. Now, Sir, I will tell you what you muſt do with this letter; as ſoon as you have got off with the girl, Sir, ſend your ſervant back to leave it at the houſe, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck and ſix dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have ſpirit enough to bring this affair to a criſis.

Har. And I ſay done firſt, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, Sir; a chaiſe with four of the prettieſt bay geldings in England, with two boys in ſcarlet and ſilver jackets, that will whiſk you along.

Har. Boys, Colonel! little Cupids! to tranſport me to the ſummit of my deſires.

Col. Aye, but for all that, it may'nt be amiſs for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither; you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaiſe whoever he pleaſes; and drive like devils, do you hear? but be kind to the dumb beaſts.

Har. Leave that to me, Sir——And ſo, my dear Colonel—— AIR.

AIR.

To fear a ſtranger,
Behold the ſoldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour ſounds the alarm;
Out dauntleſs goes,
Among his foes,

In Cupid's militia,
So fearleſs I iſſue;
And, as you ſee,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Reſolve on death or victory.

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY, *and then* JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale, it is addreſſed to me, intreating my ſon to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: ſhe is in the anti-chamber—We had better ſpeak to her—Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I chuſe to ſtay where I am, if your ladyſhip pleaſes.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why ſo?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, huſſy.

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is ſomething at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expreſſion, child?

Jen. Why, the Colonel knows very well, Madam, he wanted to be rude with me yeſterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary, don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her buſineſs. How came you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his houſe; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had ſome buſineſs with Sir John, ſo he deſired me to bring it, becauſe he ſaid it was not proper to be ſent by any of the common ſervants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady! I have not been wronging you, now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, Madam, he offer'd to make me his kept Madam: I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him: but, as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, Madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Jen. No, Sir, it was no joke, you made me a proffer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her.

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, Madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, Madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jen. Very well, Madam, I shall let my Lady know how you have us'd me? But I shan't be turn'd out of my place, Madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe, there is very few you will keep friends with.

AIR.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;
For my part, I'm neither asham'd, nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said,
A ser-

A ſervant, I hope, is no ſlave;
And tho', to their ſhames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not ſo bad,
If occaſion I had,
Nor my character ſuch I need ſtarve on't.
And, for going away,
I don't want to ſtay,
And ſo I'm your Ladyſhip's ſervant.

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a ſeparate maintenance, I will, indeed. Only a new inſtance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with ſuch low wretches, farmer's daughters, and ſervant wenches; but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the ſame to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, Sir, I am ſorry to tell you, that thoſe practices very ill ſuit the character which you ought to endeavour to ſupport in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and diſtinction ſhould, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than ſuch low, ſuch vulgar libertiniſm.

Lady M. Conſider my birth and family too, Lady Mary Jeſſamy might have had the beſt matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you ſo many lovely, ſweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, Sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous ſin too——

Mr. Jes. Indeed, Sir, I bluſh for you.

Col. 'Sdeath and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, Madam, do

you

you know who I am!—Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a——

Lady M. Ah! my dear, come away from him.

SCENE V.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, *a Servant.*

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to an account? How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, a'n't please your honour, that left this, just now, in the post chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah—Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman? What young lady, sirrah!

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this—With your leave, Sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—"To John Old-"boy, Esq.—Sir, I have loved your daughter a great "while secretly—Consenting to our marriage——

Mr. Jes. So, so.

Col. You villain——you dog, what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. A very fine joke indeed; pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourself? Why, this is your own hand!

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly—every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col.

Col. My orders! you raſcal! I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—Dy—Diana Oldboy.

Mr. Jes. Don't waſte your lungs to no purpoſe, Sir, your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the ſcheme of a pick-pocket here.

Mr. Jes. Beſides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and ſpirit of this elegant epiſtle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll diſinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John——

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this, prodigiouſly glad of it, upon my honour—he! he! he!—it will be a jeſt this hundred years. [*bells ring violently on both ſides.*] What's the matter now? O! her Ladyſhip has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel anſwers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the fortè methinks: it would be a diverting thing now, to ſtand unſeen at the old gentleman's elbow.

AIR.

Hiſt, ſoft; let's hear how matters go;
I'll creep and liſten;—ſo, ſo, ſo,
They're all together by the ears;——
Oh, horrid! how the ſavage ſwears.

There too again; ay, you may ring;
Sound out th' alarm-bell—ding, ding, ding—
Diſpatch your ſcouts, 'tis all in vain,
Stray maids are ſeldom found again.

But hark, the uproar hither ſounds;
The Colonel comes with all his hounds;
I'll wiſely leave them open way,
To hunt with what ſucceſs they may.

SCENE VI.

Colonel OLDBOY *re-enters, with one Boot, a Great Coat on his Arm, &c. followed by ſeveral Servants.*

Col. She's gone, by the Lord; fairly ſtole away, with that poaching, coney-catching raſcal! However, I won't follow her; no, damme! Take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unſaddle the horſes; I won't follow her the length of a ſpur-leather. Come here, you Sir, and pull off my boot; [*whiſtles*] ſhe has made a fool of me once, ſhe ſhan't do it a ſecond time; not but I'll be revenged too, for I'll never give her ſixpence; the diſappointment will put the ſcoundrel out of temper, and he'll thraſh her a dozen times a day; the thought pleaſes me, I hope he'll do it.

What do you ſtand gaping and ſtaring at, you impudent dogs? are you laughing at me? I'll teach you to be merry at my expence.——

AIR.

A raſcal, a huſſy; zounds! ſhe that I counted
In temper ſo mild, ſo untractis'd in evil:
I ſet her a horſe-back, and no ſooner mounted,
Than, crack, whip and ſpur, ſhe rides poſt to the devil,
But there let her run,
Be ruin'd, undone;
If I go to catch her,
Or back again fetch her,
I'm worſe than the ſon of a gun.

A miſchief poſſeſs'd me to marry;
And further my folly to carry,
To be ſtill more a ſot,
Sons and daughters I got,
And pretty ones, by the Lord Harry.

SCENE VII.

Changes to CLARISSA's *Dreſſing-room,* CLARISSA *enters melancholy, with a Book in her Hand, followed by* JENNY.

Clar. Where have you been, Jenny? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen.

Jen. Dear Ma'am, never any thing happened so unlucky; I am sorry you wanted me—But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been so used—Lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed—I say, quality—pray, Madam, do you think that I looks any ways like an immodest parson—to be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Clar. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, Madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny!

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, Madam; no, Lord forbid!

Clar. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then?

Clar. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor given me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, inhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold; it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault, Madam! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth: if he was a minister tomorrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot.

Clar. Somebody's at the door; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuousest, nicest, most delicatest——

Clar. How, how?

Jen. Madam, its a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you: I'll tell him, Madam, that you are busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny?

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him: but do not bring him up immediately, because

cauſe I will ſtand upon the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do ſo, dear Madam, for your eyes are as red as ferret's, you are ready to faint too; mercy on us! for what do you grieve and vex yourſelf—if I was as you—

Clar. Oh!

AIR.

Why with ſighs my heart is ſwelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow;
Aſk me not, 'tis paſt the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a ſtranger,
Vent'rous tempts th' inconſtant ſeas.
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at ev'ry riſing breeze.

SCENE VIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS.

Sir John. So then, the myſtery is diſcovered:—but is it poſſible that my daughter's refuſal of Colonel Oldboy's ſon ſhould proceed from a clandeſtine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jen. My niece, Sir, is in her young Lady's ſecrets, and Lord knows ſhe had little deſign to betray them; but having remarked ſome odd expreſſions of her's yeſterday, when ſhe came down to me this morning with the letter, I queſtioned her; and, in ſhort, drew the whole affair out; upon which I feigned a recollection of ſome buſineſs with you, and deſired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herſelf, while I came up hither.

Sir John. And they are mutually promiſed to each other, and that promiſe was exchanged yeſterday?

Jenk. Yes, Sir, and it is my duty to tell you? elſe I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble, and delicate ſentiments——

Sir

Sir John. I thought so once, Jenkins.

Jenk. And think so still: O, good Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness, which the world, so deservedly, has given you. You have, indeed, cause to be offended; but, consider, Sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted: their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking, the same.——

Sir John. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me.

Jen. Call it by a gentler name, Sir, modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir John. Then, what opportunity have they had? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude——

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamped that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart.

Sir John. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consented; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day.

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter: I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir John. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her!

Jenk. It is necessary at present.—Come in, my dear

master, let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

AIR.

When love gets into a youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain:
Prudence may cry, do so;
But if Love says No;
Poor Prudence may go,
With her preaching,
And teaching,
To Jericho.
Dear Sir, in old age,
'Tis not hard to be sage,
And 'tis easy to point the way;
But do or say,
What we may,
Love and youth will have their day.

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, LIONEL.

Clar. Sir, you desired to speak to me; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine; I come, indeed, to speak to you; and yet, I know not how, I come to advise you, shall I say as a friend? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity; dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, Sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, Madam, is such a father as few are blessed with; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestion that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Clar.

Clar. How, Sir, after what paſſed between us yeſterday evening, can you adviſe me to marry Mr. Jeſſamy?

Lion. I would adviſe you to marry any one, Madam, rather than a villain.

Clar. A villain, Sir.

Lion. I ſhould be the worſt of villains, Madam, was I to talk to you in any other ſtrain: nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful? Received into this houſe as an aſylum: what have I done! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that truſted me; endeavoured to ſacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable deſires.

Clar. Say no more, Sir; ſay no more; I ſee my error too late; I have parted from the rules preſcribed to my ſex; I have miſtaken indecorum for a laudable ſincerity; and it is juſt I ſhould meet with the treatment my imprudence deſerves.

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's ſecurity, I practiſed upon the tenderneſs and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone aſtray, I artfully laboured to lead your's after it: but here, Madam, I give you back thoſe vows which I inſidiouſly extorted from you; keep them for ſome happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Clar. For Heaven's ſake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't ſpeak to me.

Lion. Oh! my Clariſſa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myſelf for loving you;—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand —indulge my fondneſs with a laſt look——pray for your health and proſperity.

Clar. Can you forſake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and diſregards them?—Let me throw myſelf at my father's feet; he is generous and compaſſionate:—He knows your worth—

Lion. Mention it not; were you ſtript of fortune, reduced to the meaneſt ſtation, and I monarch of the

globe, I ſhould glory in raiſing you to univerſal empire; but as it is———

Clar. Yet hear me——

Lion. Farewel, farewel!

AIR.

O dry thoſe tears! like melted ore,
Faſt dropping on my heart they fall:
Think, think no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of paſt ſcenes recall.

On a wild ſea of paſſion toſt,
I ſplit upon the fatal ſhelf;
Friendſhip and love at once are loſt,
And now I wiſh to loſe myſelf.

SCENE X.

CLARISSA, JENNY, *then Sir* JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS, *and afterwards* LIONEL.

Jen. O, Madam! I have betray'd you. I have gone and ſaid ſomething I ſhould not have ſaid to my uncle Jenkins; and as ſure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Clar. My father!

Sir John. Go, Jenkins, and deſire that young gentleman to come back—ſtay where you are—But what have I done to you, my child? How have I deſerv'd that you ſhould treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undeſigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks?

Clar. Oh, Sir!

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am inſtructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witneſs to your converſation in this place; you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the meaſures which juſtice preſcribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to ſay in my own defence; I ſtand before you, ſelf-convicted, ſelf-condemn'd,

and

and ſhall ſubmit without murmuring to the ſentence of my judge.

Sir John. As for you, Clariſſa, ſince your earlieſt infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you at once both father and mother; and, that I might the better fulfil thoſe united duties, tho' left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a ſecond marriage—I loved you for your likeneſs to your dear mother; but that mother never deceived me—and there the likeneſs fails—You have repaid my affection with diſſimulation—Clariſſa, you ſhould have truſted me.

Jen. O my dear, ſweet Lady.

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find ſtrong enough to paint the exceſs of my friendſhip! I loved, I eſteemed, I honoured your father; he was a brave, a generous, and a ſincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own ſon; educated you like a gentleman; and deſigned you for a profeſſion, to which I thought your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jen. Dear me, dear me.

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you ſeem to be acquainted with yourſelf; and therefore I ſhall not repeat it—Yet remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the laſt mark of my bounty was conferr'd upon you in the very inſtant when you were undermining my deſigns. Now, Sir, I have but one thing more to ſay to you—Take my daughter: was ſhe worth a million, ſhe is at your ſervice.

Lion. To me, Sir!—your daughter—do you give her to me!——Without fortune—without friends!—without——

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raiſes, fortune cannot abaſe.

Clar. O, Sir, let me on my knees kiſs that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveneſs and bleſſing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have diſtinguiſh'd. It is I ſhould aſk pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the ſon-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince.——

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain ſay ſomething: but, as your goodneſs exceeds all bounds——

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourſelf uneaſy at this; we muſt endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me ſo; Heaven bleſs you, my children, and make you deſerving of one another.

SCENE XI.

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, Madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveneſs—Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not deſign to diſcover it indeed——and you won't turn me off, Madam, will you? I'll ſerve you for nothing?

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me; and, I am ſure here is one who will join withme in rewarding your ſervices.

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as ſure as could be, that ſome good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning.

AIR.

Lion. *O bliſs unexpected! my joys overpower me!*
My love, my Clariſſa, what words ſhall I find!
Remorſe, deſperation, no longer devour me—
He bleſs'd us, and peace is reſtor'd to my mind.

Clar.

Clar. *He bleſs'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover*
Whom death hath appal'd, without hope, without aid;
A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;
A moment reſtores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lion. *Forſaken, abandon'd,*

Clar. ——————*What folly! what blindneſs!*

Lion. *We fortune accus'd;*

Clar. *And the fates that decreed:*

A. 2, *But pain was inflicted by Heaven, out of kindneſs,*
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to ſucceed.
Our day was o'ercaſt:
But brighter the ſcene is,
The ſky more ſerene is,
And ſofter the calm for the hurricane paſt.

SCENE XII.

Lady MARY OLDBOY *leaning on a Servant, Mr.* JESSAMY, *leading her*; JENNY, *and afterwards Sir* JOHN FLOWERDALE, *with Colonel* OLDBOY.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear;—ſet me down any where; I can't go a ſtep further—I knew, when Mr. Oldboy inſiſted upon my coming, that I ſhould be ſeized with a meagrim by the way: and its well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jeſ. But, pr'ythee why will you let yourſelf be affected with ſuch trifles—Nothing more common than for young women of faſhion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold, cold!

Mr. Jeſ. Well but, Lady Mary, don't let us expoſe ourſelves to thoſe people; I ſee there is not one of the raſcals about us that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expoſe ourſelves, my dear! your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixotte.

Mr. Jeſſ.

Mr. Jef. Yes, he will be very ridiculous, indeed.

Sir John. I give you my word, my good friend and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occaſion, is greatly allayed by the diſappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have happened—You ſee my ſituation; and, as you are kind enough to conſider it yourſelf, I hope you will excuſe it to your ſon.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do? You ſee we have obey'd your ſummons; and I have the pleaſure to aſſure you that my ſon yielded to my entreaties with very little diſagreement: in ſhort, if I may ſpeak metaphorically, he is content to ſtand candidate again, notwithſtanding his late repulſe, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well but, my Lady, you may ſave your rhetoric; for the borough is diſpoſed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jef. What do you ſay, Sir?

SCENE XIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, *Colonel* OLDBOY, LIONEL, CLARISSA, JENNY.

Sir John. Here are my ſon and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, Madam, it is not for want of a juſt ſenſe of Mr. Jeſſamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any ſide; but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impreſſion is not eaſily effac'd; it would therefore have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality poſſeſſed.

Mr. Jes. Upon my honour, upon my ſoul, Sir John, I am not in the leaſt offended at this *contre temps*—Pray, Lady Mary, ſay no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiſs by you; yes, I ſee you are angry on your ſon's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Ay! that's more than I have. Taken amiſs! I don't take any thing amiſs; I never was in better ſpirits, or more pleaſed in my life.

Sir John. Come, you are uneaſy at ſomething, Colonel.

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneaſy—Are you a juſtice of peace? Then you could give a warrant, cou'dn't you? You muſt know. Sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family ſince I ſaw you laſt, you and I may ſhake hands—Daughters, Sir, daughters! Your's has ſnapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has ſerv'd me this morning? —only run away with the ſcoundrel I brought to dinner here yeſterday.

Sir John. I am exceſſively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concern'd—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confeſs, I ſhould be ſorry that either of them would come in my way, becauſe a man's temper may ſometimes get the better of him, and I believe I ſhould be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Clar. But pray, Sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

SCENE XIV.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, *Colonel* OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY, DIANA, HARMAN, JENKINS.

Dian. No, my dear papa, I am not run away; and, upon my knees, I entreat your pardon for the folly I have committed; but let it be ſome alleviation, that duty and affection were too ſtrong to ſuffer me to carry it to extremity; and if you knew the agony I have been in ſince I ſaw you laſt——

Lady

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I reſtore your daughter to you; whoſe fault, as far as it goes, I muſt alſo take upon myſelf; we have been known to each other for ſome time, as Lady Richly, your ſiſter, in London, can acquaint you———

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you raſcal, where's your ſword? if you are a gentleman you ſhall fight me; if you are a ſcrub I'll horſewhip you—Draw, Sirrah—Shut the door there, don't let him eſcape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to eſcape; I am extremely ſorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any ſatisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds! I have no ſword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend us a caſe of piſtols, or a couple of guns; and come and ſee fair play.

Clar. My dear Papa!

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale—O my indiſcretion—we came here, Sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight I ſhall expire.

Sir John. Pray, Colonel, let me ſpeak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a ſawpit.

Mr. Jeſſ. Why, Miſs Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance——And pray who is this courteous knight?

Lady M. O Sir, you that I thought ſuch a pretty behav'd gentleman.

Mr. Jeſſ. What buſineſs are you of, friend?

Har. My chief trade Sir, is plain-dealing; and, as that is a commodity you have no reaſon to be very fond of, I would not adviſe you to purchaſe any of it by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would adviſe me to?

Sir John It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are ſituated; there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myſelf, was I in your caſe.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it——ſay what you will for me then.

Sir

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to uſe a few arguments, which have ſoftened my neighbour here; and in ſome meaſure pacified his reſentment, I find, Sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, I deſire no favour—And for fortune——

Col. Oh! rot your fortune, I don't mind that——I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And ſo, Dy, kiſs and be friends.

Mr. Jeſ. What Sir, have you no more to ſay to the man who uſed you ſo ill?

Col. Us'd me ill—that's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing, and perhaps I like him the better for it; it's long before you would have ſpirit enough to run away with a wench——Harman give me your hand; let's hear no more of this now——Sir John Flowerdale, what ſay you? ſhall we ſpend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony.

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

AIR.

Lion. *Come then, all ye ſocial pow'rs,*
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliſs the preſent hours,
And lighten thoſe before us.
May the juſt, the gen'rous, kind,
Still ſee that you regard 'em;
And Lionels for ever find,
Clariſſas to reward 'em.

Clar. *Love, thy godhead I adore,*
Source of ſacred paſſion;
But will never bow before
Thoſe idols wealth or faſhion.
May, like me, each maiden wiſe,
From the fop defend her;
Learning, ſenſe, and virtue prize,
And ſcorn the vain pretender.

Har.

Har. *Why the plague should men be sad,*
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.

Dian. *How shall I escape—so naught,*
On filial love to trample?
I'll e'en curtsey, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft' are shameless;
Oft transgress—the thing's too true—
But are you always blameless.

One word more before we go;
Girls and boys have patience;
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind gentlemen address—
What tho' we forgave 'em,
Still they must be lost, unless
You lend a hand to save 'em.

Finis.

I'll be hang'd now if she knows any more about milking a cow than Ide of rowing a Petticoat
MAID of the MILL
Mr Sturt as Ralph
Painted by De Wilde. Engraved by T. Cook
Painted for
J. Cooke Sept.r 1803

THE

COMIC OPERA,

OF THE

MAID OF THE MILL,

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM,

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs,

WHEN I preſumed to ſolicit the honour of laying the ſubſequent trifle at your Royal Highneſs's feet, it was not without a thorough conſciouſneſs of the little value of the offering I was going to make; but I conſidered, mean as it was, it would ſerve as a teſtimony of my devotion; and to a Prince happy in his love of the arts, nothing could be unacceptable, which bore the remoteſt analogy to them.

How far the Comic Opera, under proper regulations, has a right to be acknowledged for a junior offspring of the Drama, and as ſuch become candidate for a ſhare of public encouragement, I ſhall not pretend to determine; but if it can be rendered an agreeable amuſement, the Engliſh Theatre has never ſcrupled to adopt what was capable of pleaſing there; and though, as a work of genius, it is by no means to be ſet in competition with good Tragedies and Comedies, it may, I apprehend, be permitted as an occaſional relief to them, without bringing either our taſte or underſtanding into queſtion.

I need not inform your Royal Highneſs, that in France, where the ſtage has been cultivated with more care, and * ſucceſs, than in any other country, this ſpecies of entertainment is received with very great applauſe; nor is it thought an injury to Corneille, and Moliere, that the pieces of Anſeaume and Favart, meet with ſucceſs.

It is true, among the French, Comic Operas have very often the advantage of being extremely well written; of which, *On ne s'aviſe jamais de tout*, *Le Roy et le*

* This aſſertion can never be admitted—He who prefers the tedious harangue of French Dramas to the buſineſs and paſſion of our own, will never write better than Bickerſtaff. THE EDITOR.

Fermier, and ſome others, are an inſtance; nor would the beſt compoſition of the greateſt maſter, make a very contemptible poem paſs on an audience: I wiſh I could aſſert with truth, that in this reſpect we fall nothing behind our neighbours, and that what I here preſent to your Royal Highneſs, might lay claim to ſome degree of merit, even in the writing: but, though I cannot do this, permit me to ſay, I have attempted to render it a little intereſting, and not wholly undiverting, as far as the muſic, my principal care, would give me leave.

But I humbly beg your Royal Highneſs's pardon; in applying to the Conneiſſeur, I forget that I am at the ſame time addreſſing a Great Prince: indeed, there is a ſubject on which I could dwell with the trueſt pleaſure; but I am too well inſtructed in your Royal Highneſs's character, to dare to offend you with a language which forms and cuſtoms too often impoſe upon princes, a neceſſity of hearing; I mean their own praiſe; to thoſe who are moſt deſerving, ever leaſt welcome.

I therefore, ſubſcribe myſelf,

With the profoundeſt reſpect,

May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs,

Your Royal Highneſs's,

Moſt obedient,

Moſt devoted, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

THIS piece is confessedly borrowed from RICHARDSON'S too celebrated Novel of *Pamela*; and, like its original, involves a story that can scarcely be assimilated with the usual events of society: it possesses much neat sentiment, but without due force; and some characters, if natural, not precisely social.

The primary idea which it inculcates, is unquestionably just, and amiable; namely, that the uniform prosecution of good, will eventually lead to dignity and felicity, and that every female, however humbly born, may render herself honoured and protected by the undeviating practice of innocence; yet, on the other hand, there may be some doubts, if the example it produces, may not, in some sort, twist the intellects of unthinking young women, who may be induced to suppose, that the same very fortunate consequences, should attend the same pretensions to merit, and that the probable failure of their extravagant hopes, may make them miserable, if not engender events of a more disastrous complexion.

The various personages in this drama are drawn with more softness than spirit, which, it must be declared, this subject will admit, more than almost any other, he could have chosen, —RALPH, whom I conceive to be the most finished portrait among them, is such a clown, in all his movements and language, as every village exhibits: his blunt opposition to his sisters refined qualifications, and his attempts to justify his undutifulness to his father, upon the idea that PATTY is suffered to be idle without admonition, are both characteristic and pleasant:

LORD AIMWORTH, is such an honourable and delicate character, as every nobleman should be: his notions of distinction do not rest merely upon the splendor of his birth, or the extent of his fortune: he is not insolent because he has a title, nor is he oppressive because he has power: the conflict of his soul, when reflecting upon the charms and attractive attributes in the Miller's daughter, is such as argues the possession of discrimination and tenderness; his resolution not to treat a lovely creature, who is in his command, with unworthiness, is supremely creditable to his station—if there are many such among our nobility I shall rejoice; if there are not I wish there were.

PATTY, is rendered so nearly perfect, by the labour of the Author, that all rational spectators become pleased, that her lot should be so well suited to her virtues; the gentleness and good sense, which are so intermingled in her deportment, dispose all well regulated minds to authorise her claims upon

LORD AIMWORTH's love and bounty; her purity and simple manners, have been so far irradiated by precept and study, as to make her fitness for the sudden elevation into which she is brought, undoubted.—

GILES, is a necessary instrument in the construction of the plot, and no ungenial representative of the whole body of English farmers: his bold rusticity is so far corrected by his meaning well, as not to give offence; and his essays to be humourous are composed of such materials, as may probably have influence in an uncultivated understanding.

SIR HARRY SYCAMORE and his LADY, are tolerable specimens of nuptial acrimony: the Baronet as a husband without dominion, and the Lady as a wife without discretion; yet it is so managed, that the first is not contemptible, nor the latter disgusting.

MERVIN and THEODOSIA, are two of those walking Ladies and Gentlemen, who are interwoven in nearly all our Comic productions: they are eternally under the guidance of the Paphian God, and consequently, whenever they depart from propriety in action or expression, they bear an accompanying apology for the error.

FAIRFIELD, the Miller, is of that order of beings, who will call forth respect, in whatever station of life they may be placed; as a man, he is honest; as a neighbour, he is urbane; and as a parent, he is indulgent and beneficent.

FANNY and the Gipsies, appear to me as more necessary to the machinery of the piece, than the moral or interest of the Fable.

The poetry of this Drama is not one of its best recommendations, although several of the Airs are not destitute of point and passion; I have selected a part of one, which I conceive to be the most complete; it is delivered by PATTY.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing, at the hedge's side;
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.

To be conclusive, the MAID of the MILL is not deserving to be classed among the most essential Operas on the British Stage; yet its tendencies are so proper, that it cannot be seen or perused without improving the manners of some, and the thoughts of many.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

PREFACE.

THERE is ſcarce a language in Europe, in which there is not a play taken from our romance of Pamela: in Italian and French particularly, ſeveral writers of the firſt eminence have choſen it for the ſubject of different dramas.

The little piece now ventured into the world, owes its origin to the ſame ſource: not only the general ſubject is drawn from Pamela, but almoſt every circumſtance in it. The reader will almoſt immediately recollect the courtſhip of Parſon Williams—the ſquire's jealouſy and behaviour in conſequence of it; and the difficulty he had to prevail with himſelf to marry the girl, notwithſtanding his paſſion for her—the miller is a cloſe copy of Goodman Andrews—Ralph is imagined, from the wild ſon which he is mentioned to have had—Theodoſia, from the young lady of quality, with whom Mr. B. through his ſiſter's perſuaſion, is ſaid to have been in treaty before his marriage with Pamela—even the gipſies are borrowed from a trifling incident in the latter part of the work.

In proſecuting this plan, which he has varied from the original, as far as he thought convenient, the author has made ſimplicity his principal aim. His ſcenes, on account of the muſic, which could not be perfect without ſuch a mixture, neceſſarily conſiſt of ſerious and buffoon. He knows groſſneſs and inſipidity lay in his way: whether he has had art enough to avoid ſtumbling upon them, the candid public are left to determine.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY LANE.

	Men.
LORD AIMWORTH	Mr. Kelly
Sir HARRY SYCAMORE . . .	Mr. Waldron
MERWIN	Mr. Williames
FAIRFIELD	Mr. Aickin
GILES	Mr. Dignum
RALPH	Mr. Suett.
	Women.
LADY SYCAMORE	Mrs. Hopkins
THEODOSIA	Mrs. Forſter
PATTY	Mrs. Crouch
FANNY	Mrs. Bland.

COVENT GARDEN.

	Men.
LORD AIMWORTH	Mr. Johnſtone
Sir HARRY SYCAMORE . . .	Mr. Quick
MERVIN	Mr. Townſend
FAIRFIELD	Mr. Richardſon
GILES	Mr. Haymes
RALPH	Mr. Munden.
	Women.
LADY SYCAMORE	Mrs. Davenport
THEODOSIA	Mrs. Clendining
PATTY	Mrs. Mountain
FANNY	Mrs. Martyr.

THE

MAID OF THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A rural Prospect, with a Mill at work. Several People employed about; on one side a House, PATTY *reading in the Window; on the other a Barn, where* FANNY *sits mending a Net;* GILES *appears at a Distance in the Mill;* FAIRFIELD *and* RALPH *taking Sacks from a Cart.*

CHORUS.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
O how blest the miller's life!
Chearful working through the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's gryst to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent:
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content.

Fai. Well done, well done; 'tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folks sing at it. Stop the mill there; and dost hear, son Ralph, hoist yon sacks of flour upon this cart, lad, and drive it up to Lord Aimworth's; coming from London last night with strange company, no doubt there are calls enough for it by this time.

Ral.

Ral. Ay feyther, whether or not, there's no doubt but you'll find enow for a body to do.

Fai. What doſt mutter? Is't not a ſtrange plague that thou can'ſt never go about any thing with a good will; murrain take it, what's come o'er the boy? So then thou wilt not ſet a hand to what I have deſired thee!

Ral. Why don't you ſpeak to ſuſter Pat to do ſomething then? I thought when ſhe came home to us after my old lady's death, ſhe was to have been of ſome uſe in the houſe; but inſtead of that, ſhe ſits there all day, reading outlandiſh books, dreſſed like a fine madumaſel, and the never a word you ſays to ſhe.

Fai. Sirrah, don't ſpeak ſo diſreſpectfully of thy ſiſter; thou wilt never have the tithe of her deſerts.

Ral. Why I'll read and write with her for what ſhe dares; and as for playing on the hapſicols, I thinks her rich good mother might have learn'd her ſomething more properer, ſeeing ſhe did not remember to leave her a legacy at laſt.

Fai. That's none of thy buſineſs, ſirrah.

Ral. A farmer's wife painting pictures, and playing on the hapſicols; why I'll be hang'd now, for all as old as ſhe is, if ſhe knows any more about milking a cow, than I do of ſewing a petticoat.

Fai. Ralph, thou haſt been drinking this morning.

Ral. Well, if ſo be as I have, its nothing out of your pocket, nor mine neither.

Fai. Who has been giving thee liquor, ſirrah?

Ral. Why it was wind—a gentleman guve me.

Fai. A gentleman!

Ral. Yes, a gentleman that's come piping hot from London: he is below at the Cat and Bagpipes; I cod he rides a choice bit of a nag; I dare to ſay ſhe'd fetch as good as forty pounds at ever a fair in all England.

Fai. A fig's end for what ſhe'd fetch; mind thy buſineſs, or by the lord Harry———

Ral. Why I won't do another hand's turn to-day now, ſo that's flat.

Fai.

Fai. Thou wilt not—

Ral. Why no I wont; ſo what argufies your putting yourſelf in a paſſion, feyther! I've promiſed to go back to the gentleman; and I don't know but what he's a lord too, and mayhap he may do more for me than you thinks of.

Fai. Well, ſon Ralph, run thy gait; but remember I tell thee, thou wilt repent this untowardneſs.

Ral. Why, how ſhall I repent it? Mayhap you'll turn me out of your ſervice; a match; with all hearts —I cod I don't care three braſs pins.

AIR.

If that's all you want, who the plague will be ſorry,
'Twere better by half to dig ſtones in a quarry;
For my ſhare I'm weary of what is got by't:
S'fleſh! here's ſuch a racket, ſuch ſcolding and coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horſes from morning 'till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to ſhew you;
Firſt yonder's your ſhovel; your ſacks too I throw you;
Henceforward take care of your matters who will;
They're welcome to ſlave for your wages who need 'em,
Tol lol de rol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter ſhall work at the mill.

SCENE II.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Dear heart, dear heart! I proteſt this ungracious boy puts me quite beſide myſelf. Patty, my dear, come down into the yard a little, and keep me company —and you, thieves, vagabonds, gipſies, out here, 'tis you who debauch my ſon.

AIR.

AIR.

Pat. *In love to pine and languiſh,*
Yet know your paſſion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguiſh,
Yet fear to tell your pain.

What powers unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can ſharpen pangs like theſe;
Where days and nights tormenting,
Yield not a moment's eaſe!

Fai. Well, Patty, Maſter Goodman, my Lord's ſteward, has been with me juſt now, and I find we are like to have great doings; his lordſhip has brought down Sir Harry Sycamore and his family, and there is more company expected in a few days.

Pat. I know Sir Harry very well; he is by marriage a diſtant relation of my Lord's.

Fai. Pray what ſort of a young body is the daughter there? I think ſhe uſed to be with you at the caſtle, three or four ſummers ago, when my young Lord was out upon his travels.

Pat. Oh! very often; ſhe was a great favourite of my lady's: pray father is ſhe come down?

Fai. Why you know the report laſt night, about my Lord's going to be married; by what I can learn ſhe is; and there is likely to be a nearer relationſhip between the families, ere long. It ſeems, his Lordſhip was not over willing for the match, but the friends on both ſides in London preſſed it ſo hard: then there's a ſwinging fortune: Maſter Goodman tells me a matter of twenty or thirty thouſand pounds.

Pat. If it was a million, father, it would not be more than my Lord Ainworth deſerves; I ſuppoſe the wedding will be celebrated here at the manſion-houſe.

Fai. So it is thought, as ſoon as things can be properly prepared——And now, Patty, if I could but ſee thee a little merry—Come, bleſs thee, pluck up thy ſpirits—To be ſure thou haſt ſuſtained, in the death of thy

thy lady, a heavy loſs; ſhe was a parent to thee; nay, and better, inaſmuch as ſhe took thee when thou wert but a babe, and gave thee an education which thy natural parents could not afford to do.

Pat. Ah! dear father, don't mention what, perhaps, has been my greateſt misfortune.

Fai. Nay then, Patty, what's become of all thy ſenſe, that people talk ſo much about?——But I have ſomething to ſay to thee which I would have thee conſider ſeriouſly.——I believe I need not tell thee, my child, that a young maiden, after ſhe is marriageable, eſpecially if ſhe has any thing about her to draw people's notice, is liable to ill tongues, and a many croſs accidents; ſo that the ſooner ſhe's out of harm's way the better.

Pat. Undoubtedly, father, there are people enough who watch every opportunity to gratify their own malice; but when a young woman's conduct is unblameable——

Fai. Why, Patty, there may be ſomething in that; but you know ſlander will leave ſpots, where malice finds none: I ſay, then, a young woman's beſt ſafeguard is a good huſband. Now there is our neighbour, Farmer Giles; he is a ſober, honeſt, induſtrious young fellow, and one of the wealthieſt of theſe parts; he is greatly taken with thee; and it is not the firſt time I have told thee I ſhould be glad to have him for a ſon-in-law.

Pat. And I have told you as often, father, I would ſubmit myſelf entirely to your direction; whatever you think proper for me, is ſo.

Fai. Why that's ſpoken like a dutiful, ſenſible girl; get thee in, then, and leave me to manage it——— Perhaps our neighbour Giles is not a gentleman; but what are the greateſt part of our country gentlemen good for?

Pat. Very true, father. The ſentiments, indeed, have frequently little correſpondence with the condition; and it is according to them alone we ought to regulate our eſteem.

AIR.

What are outward forms and ſhews,
To an honeſt heart compar'd?
Oft the ruſtic, wanting thoſe,
Has the nobler portion ſhar'd.

Oft we ſee the homely flower
Bearing at the hedge's ſide
Virtues of more ſovereign pow'r
Than the garden's gayeſt pride.

SCENE III.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Giles. Well, Maſter Fairfield, you and Miſs Pat have had a long diſcourſe together; did you tell her that I was come down?

Fai. No, in truth, friend Giles; but I mentioned our affair at a diſtance; and I think there is no fear.

Giles. That's right—and when ſhall us—You do know I have told you my mind often and often.

Fai. Farmer, give us thy hand; nobody doubts thy good will to me and my girl; and you may take my word, I would rather give her to thee than another; for I am main certain thou wilt make her a good huſband.

Giles. Thanks to your good opinion, Maſter Fairfield; if ſuch be my hap, I hope there will be no cauſe of complaint.

Fai. And I promiſe thee my daughter will make thee a choice wife. But thou know'ſt, friend Giles, that I, and all belongs to me, have great obligations to Lord Aimworth's family; Patty, in particular, would be one of the moſt ungrateful wretches this day breathing, if ſhe was to do the ſmalleſt thing contrary to their conſent and approbation.

Giles. Nay, nay, 'tis well enough known to all the country, ſhe was the old Lady's darling.

Fai.

Fai. Well, Maſter Giles, I'll aſſure thee ſhe is not one whit leſs obliged to my Lord himſelf. When his mother was taken off ſo ſuddenly, and his affairs called him up to London, if Patty would have remained at the caſtle, ſhe might have had the command of all; or if ſhe would have gone any where elſe, he would have paid for her fixing, let the coſt be what it would.

Giles. Why, for that manner, folks did not ſpare to ſay, that my Lord had a ſort of a ſneaking kindneſs for her himſelf: and I remember, at one time, it was rife all about the neighbourhood, that ſhe was actually to be our lady.

Fai. Pho, pho! a pack of woman's tales.

Giles. Nay, to be ſure they'll ſay any thing.

Fai. My Lord's a man of a better way of thinking, friend Giles—but this is neither here nor there to our buſineſs———Have you been at the caſtle yet?

Giles. Who I! Bleſs your heart I did not hear a ſyllable of his Lordſhip's being come down, 'till your lad told me.

Fai. No! why then go up to my Lord, let him know you have a mind to make a match with my daughter; hear what he has to ſay to it; and afterwards we will try if we can't ſettle matters.

Giles. Go up to my Lord! I cod if that be all, I'll do it with the biggeſt pleaſure in life.—But, where's Miſs Pat? Might one not ax her how ſhe do?

Fai. Never ſpare it; ſhe's within there.

Giles. I ſees her—odd rabbit it, this hatch is locked now———Miſs Pat———Miſs Patty—She makes believe not to hear me.

Fai. Well, well, never mind; thou'lt come and eat a morſel of dinner with us.

Giles. Nay, but juſt to have a bit of a joke with her, at preſent———Miſs Pat, I ſay———won't you open the door?

AIR.

Hark! 'tis I your own true lover,
After walking three long miles,
One kind look at leaſt diſcover,
Come and ſpeak a word to Giles.

You alone my heart I fix on:
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can ſee your roguiſh ſmiles.
Addſlids! my mind is ſo poſſeſt,
Till we're ſped, I ſhan't have reſt;
Only ſay the thing's a bargain,
Here an you like it,
Ready to ſtrike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I'm her's, ſhe's mine;
Thus we ſeal, thus we ſign.

SCENE IV.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fai. Patty, child, why would'ſt not thou open the door for our neighbour Giles?

Pat. Really, father, I did not know what was the matter.

Fai. Well, another time; he'll be here again preſently. He's gone up to the caſtle, Patty; thou know'ſt it would not be right for us to do any thing without giving his Lordſhip intelligence, ſo I have ſent the farmer to let him know that he is willing, and we are willing; and with his Lordſhip's approbation—

Pat. Oh, dear father—what are you going to ſay?

Fai. Nay child, I would not have ſtir'd a ſtep for fifty pounds, without advertiſing his Lordſhip beforehand.

Pat. But ſurely, ſurely, you have not done this raſh, this precipitate thing.

Fai. How raſh, how is it raſh, Patty? I don't underſtand thee.

Pat. Oh, you have diſtreſs'd me beyond imagination—but why would you not give me notice, ſpeak to me firſt?

Fai. Why han't I ſpoken to thee an hundred times? No, Patty, 'tis thou that would'ſt diſtreſs me, and thou'lt break my heart.

Pat.

Pat. Dear father!

Fai. All I desire is to see thee well settled; and now that I am likely to do so, thou art not contented; I am sure the farmer is as sightly a clever lad as any in the country; and is he not as good as we?

Pat. 'Tis very true, father; I am to blame; pray forgive me.

Fai. Forgive thee! Lord help thee, my child, I am not angry with thee; but quiet thyself, Patty, and thou'lt see all this will turn out for the best.

SCENE V.

PATTY.

What will become of me?—my Lord will certainly imagine this is done with my consent—Well, is he not himself going to be married to a lady, suitable to him in rank, suitable to him in fortune, as this farmer is to me; and under what pretence can I refuse the husband my father has found for me! Shall I say that I have dared to raise my inclinations above my condition, and presumed to love, where my duty taught me only gratitude and respect? Alas! who could live in the house with Lord Aimworth, see him, converse with him, and not love him? I have this consolation, however, my folly is yet undiscover'd to any; else, how should I be ridiculed and despised; nay, would not my Lord himself despise me, especially, if he knew that I have more than once construed his natural affability and politeness into sentiments as unworthy of him, as mine are bold and extravagant. Unexampled vanity! did I possess any thing capable of attracting such a notice, to what purpose could a man of his distinction cast his eyes on a girl, poor, meanly born, and indebted for every thing to the ill-placed bounty of his family?

AIR.

Ah! why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery?

The griefs I languiſh'd under,
In ſecret let me ſhare;
But this new ſtroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Chamber in Lord AIMWORTH'*s Houſe.*
SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA.

S. Har. Well, but Theodoſia, child, you are quite unreaſonable.

The. Pardon me, papa, it is not I am unreaſonable: when I gave way to my inclinations for Mr. Mervin, he did not ſeem leſs agreeable to you and my mamma than he was acceptable to me. It is, therefore, you have been unreaſonable, in firſt encouraging his addreſſes, and afterwards forbidding him your houſe, in order to bring me down here, to force me on a gentleman——

S. Har. Force you, Doſſy, what do you mean! By the la, I would not force you on the Czar of Muſcovy.

The. And yet, papa, what elſe can you call it? for tho' Lord Aimworth is extremely attentive and obliging, I aſſure you he is by no means one of the moſt ardent of lovers.

S. Har. Ardent, ah! there it is; you girls never think there is any love, without kiſſing and hugging; but you ſhou'd conſider, child, my Lord Aimworth is a polite man, and has been abroad in France and Italy, where theſe things are not the faſhion; I remember when I was on my travels, among the madames and ſignoras, we never ſaluted more than the tip of the ear.

The. Really, papa, you have a very ſtrange opinion of my delicacy; I had no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

S. Har. Well come, my poor Doſſy, I ſee you are chagrin'd, but you know it is not my fault; on the contrary, I aſſure you, I had always a great regard for young Mervin, and ſhould have been very glad——

The.

The. How then, papa, could you join in forcing me to write him that ſtrange letter, never to ſee me more; or how indeed could I comply with your commands? what muſt he think of me?

S. Har. Ay, but hold, Doſſy, your mamma convinced me that he was not ſo proper a ſon-in-law for us as Lord Aimworth.

The. Convinced you! Ah, my dear papa, you were not convinced.

S. Har. What don't I know when I am convinced?

The. Why no, papa; becauſe your good-nature and eaſineſs of temper is ſuch, that you pay more reſpect to the judgment of mamma, and leſs to your own, than you ought to do.

S. Har. Well, but Doſſy, don't you ſee how your mamma loves me; if my finger does but ache, ſhe's like a bewitched woman; and, if I was to die, I don't believe ſhe would outlive the burying of me: nay, ſhe has told me as much herſelf.

The. Her fondneſs indeed is very extraordinary.

S. Har. Beſides, could you give up the proſpect of being a counteſs, and miſtreſs of this fine place?

The. Yes, truly could I.

AIR.

With the man that I love, was I deſtin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell,
Retreats the moſt barren, moſt deſert, would be
More pleaſing than courts or a palace to me.

I let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aſpire
To what fooly eſteems, and the vulgar admire:
I yield them the bliſs, where their wiſhes are plac'd,
Inſenſible creatures! 'tis all they can taſte.

SCENE VII.

SIR HARRY, THEODOSIA, LADY SYCAMORE.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, where are you?

S. Har. Here, my lamb.

L. Syc.

L. Syc. I am juſt come from looking over his Lordſhip's family trinkets.——Well, Miſs Sycamore, you are a happy creature, to have diamonds, equipage, title, all the bleſſings of life pour'd thus upon you at once.

The. Bleſſings, Madam! Do you think then I am ſuch a wretch as to place my felicity in the poſſeſſion of any ſuch trumpery.

L. Syc. Upon my word, Miſs, you have a very diſdainful manner of expreſſing yourſelf; I believe there are very few young women of faſhion, who would think any ſacrifice they could make too much for them.—Did you ever hear the like of her, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Why, my dear, I have juſt been talking to her in the ſame ſtrain, but whatever ſhe has got in her head———

L. Syc. Oh, it is Mr. Mervin, her gentleman of Bucklerſbury.—Fye, Miſs, marry a cit! Where is your pride, your vanity; have you nothing of the perſon of diſtinction about you?

S. Har. Well, but my Lady, you know I am a piece of a cit myſelf, as I may ſay, for my great-grandfather was a dry-ſalter.

The. And yet, madam, you condeſcended to marry my papa.

L. Syc. Well, if I did Miſs, I had but five thouſand pounds to my portion, and Sir Harry knows I was paſt eight and thirty, before I would liſten to him.

S. Har. Nay, Doſſy, that's true, your mamma own'd eight and thirty, before we were married: but by the la, my dear, you were a lovely angel; and by candle-light nobody would have taken you for above five and twenty.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, you remember the laſt time I was at my Lord Duke's.

S. Har. Yes, my love, it was the very day your little bitch Minxey pupt.

L. Syc. And pray what did the whole family ſay; my Lord John, and my Lord Thomas, and my Lady Ducheſs in particular? Couſin, ſays her grace to me—for ſhe always called me couſin,—

The.

The. Well, but Madam, to cut this matter ſhort at once, my father has a great regard for Mr. Mervin, and would conſent to our union with all his heart.

L. Syc. Do you ſay ſo, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Who, I, love!

L. Syc. Then all my care and prudence are come to nothing.

S. Har. Well, but ſtay my lady—Doſſy, you are always making miſchief.

The. Ah! my dear ſweet———

L. Syc. Do Miſs, that's right, coax———

The. No, Madam, I am not capable of any ſuch meanneſs.

L. Syc. 'Tis very civil of you to contradict me however.

S. Har. Eh! what's that—hands off Doſſy, don't come near me.

AIR.

Why how now Miſs pert,
Do you think to divert
My anger by fawning and ſtroking?
Would you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx ſo provoking?
Get out of my ſight,
'Twould be ſerving you right,
To lay a ſound doſe of the laſh on;
Contradict your mamma,
I've a mind by the la!
But I won't put myſelf in a paſſion.

SCENE VIII.

SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, LORD AIMWORTH, GILES.

L. Aim. Come farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends.—Sir Harry, your ſervant.

S. Har. My Lord, I kiſs your Lordſhip's hands—I hope he did not overhear us ſquabbling—" I have been " chattering here with my wife and daughter, my Lord " —We

" ——We have been examining your Lordſhip's pic-
" tures.

L. Aim. " I flatter myſelf, then, her Ladyſhip found
" ſomething to entertain her; there are a few of
" them counted tolerable."———Well now, Maſter Giles what is it you have got to ſay to me? If I can do you any ſervice, this company will give you leave to ſpeak.

Giles. I thank your Lordſhip, I has not got a great deal to ſay; I do come to your Lordſhip about a little buſineſs, if you'll pleaſe to give me the hearing.

L. Aim. Certainly, only let me know what it is.

Giles. Why an pleaſe you my Lord, being left alone, as I may ſay, feyther dead, and all the buſineſs upon my own hands, I do think of ſettling and taking a wife, and am come to ax your honour's conſent.

L. Aim. My conſent, farmer! if that be neceſſary, you have it with all my heart—I hope you have taken care to make a prudent choice.

Giles. Why I do hope ſo, my Lord.

L. Aim. Well, and who is the happy fair one? Does ſhe live in my houſe?

Giles. No, my Lord, ſhe does not live in your houſe, but ſhe's a parſon of your acquaintance.

L. Aim. Of my acquaintance!

Giles. No offence, I hope your honour.

L. Aim. None in the leaſt; but how is ſhe an acquaintance of mine?

Giles. Your Lordſhip do know Miller Fairfield?

L. Aim. Well———

Giles. And Patty Fairfield, his daughter, my Lord?

L. Aim. Ay, is it her you think of marrying?

Giles. Why, if ſo be as your Lordſhip has no objection; to be ſure we will do nothing without your conſent and approbation.

L. Aim. Upon my word, farmer, you have made an excellent choice—It is a god-daughter of my mother's, Madam, who was bred up under her care, and I proteſt I do not know a more amiable young woman.——But are you ſure, farmer, that Patty herſelf is inclinable to this match. *Giles.*

Giles. O yes, my Lord, I am sartain of that.

L. Aim. Perhaps then she desired you to come and ask my consent?

Giles. Why as far as this here, my Lord; to be sure, the miller did not care to publish the banns, without making your Lordship acquainted—But I hope your honour's not angry with I.

L. Aim. Angry farmer! why should you think so?—what interest have I in it to be angry?

S. Har. And so, honest farmer, you are going to be married to little Patty Fairfield? She's an old acquaintance of mine; how long have you and she been sweethearts?

Giles. Not a long while, an please your worship.

S. Har. Well, her father's a good warm fellow; I suppose you take care that she brings something to make the pot boil?

L. Syc. What does that concern you, Sir Harry? how often must I tell you of meddling in other people's affairs?

S. Har. My Lord, a penny for your thoughts.

L. Aim. I beg your pardon, Sir Harry; upon my word, I did not think where I was.

Giles. Well then, your honour, I'll make bold to be taking my leave; I may say you gave consent for Miss Patty and I to go on.

L. Aim. Undoubtedly, farmer, if she approves of it: but are you not afraid that her education has rendered her a little unsuitable for a wife for you?

L. Syc. Oh my Lord, if the girl's handy——

S. Har. Oh, ay—when a girl's handy——

Giles. Handy! Why, saving respect, there's nothing comes amiss to her; she's cute at every varsal kind of thing.

AIR.

Odd's my life, search England over,
An you match her in her station,
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be sure as well I love her.

Do

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating,
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, Patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
What on yearth can sweeter be?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.

SCENE IX.

LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE.

S. Har. By dad this is a good merry fellow, is not he in love, with his pitty patty—And so my Lord you have given your consent that he shall marry your mother's old housekeeper. Ah, well, I can see——

L. Aim. Nobody doubts, Sir Harry, that you are very clear-sighted.

S. Har. Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what: I was a young fellow once myself; and I should have been glad of a tenant, to take a pretty girl off my hands now and then, as well as another.

L. Aim. I protest, my dear friend, I don't understand you.

L. Syc. Nor nobody else—Sir Harry you are going at some beastliness now.

S. Har. Who I, my Lady? Not I, as I hope to live and breathe; 'tis nothing to us you know, what my Lord does before he's married; when I was a bachelor, I was a devil among the wenches, myself; and yet I vow to George, my Lord, since I knew my Lady Sycamore, and we shall be man and wife eighteen years, if we live till next Candlemas-day, I never had to do——

L. Syc. Sir Harry, come out of the room, I desire.

S. Har. Why, what's the matter, my lady, I did not say any harm?

L. Syc. I see what you are driving at, you want to make me faint.

S. Har. I want to make you faint, my lady!

L. Syc. Yes you do—and if you don't come out this inſtant I ſhall fall down in the chamber—I beg, my Lord, you won't ſpeak to him.—Will you come out, Sir Harry.

S. Har. Nay, but my lady!

L. Syc. No, I will have you out.

SCENE X.

LORD AIMWORTH.

This worthy Baronet, and his lady, are certainly a very whimſical couple; however, their daughter is perfectly amiable in every reſpect; and yet I am ſorry I have brought her down here; for can I in honour marry her, while my affections are engaged to another? To what does the pride of condition and the cenſure of the world force me! Muſt I then renounce the only perſon that can make me happy; becauſe, becauſe what? becauſe ſhe's a miller's daughter; Vain pride, and unjuſt cenſure! has ſhe not all the graces that education can give her ſex; improved by a genius ſeldom found among the higheſt? has ſhe not modeſty, ſweetneſs of temper, and beauty of perſon, capable of adorning a rank the moſt exalted? But it is too late to think of theſe things now; my hand is promiſed, my honour engaged: and if it was not ſo, ſhe has engaged herſelf; the farmer is a perſon to her mind, and I have authorized their union by my approbation.

AIR.

The mad-man thus, at times, we ſee,
With ſeeming reaſon bleſt;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And ſpeak a mind at reſt.

But ſhort the calms of eaſe and ſenſe,
And ah! uncertain too;
While that idea lives from whence
At firſt his frenzy grew.

SCENE XI.

Changes to the Proſpect of the Mill.

Enter RALPH, *with* MERVIN, *in a riding dreſs, followed by* FANNY.

Fan. Ah, pray your honour, try if you have not ſomething to ſpare for poor Fanny the gipſey.

Ral. I tell you, Fan, the gentleman has no change about him; why the plague will you be ſo troubleſome?

Fan. Lord what is it to you, if his honour has a mind to give me a trifle? Do pray, gentleman, put your hand in your pocket.

Mer. I am almoſt diſtracted! Ungrateful Theodoſia, to change ſo ſuddenly, and write me ſuch a letter! However, I am reſolved to have my diſmiſſion face to face; this letter may be forced from her by her mother, who I know was never cordially my friend: I could not get a ſight of her in London, but here they will be leſs on their guard; and ſee her I will, by one means or other.

Fan. Then your honour will not extend your charity?

AIR.

I am young, and I am friendleſs,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my ſorrows will be endleſs;
In vain for help I call.
Have ſome pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er ſo ſmall.

May you, poſſeſſing every bleſſing,
Still inherit Sir, all you merit Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet heaven, your worſhip all happineſs grant.

SCENE XII.

RALPH, MERVIN.

Ral. Now I'll go and take that money from her and I have a good mind to lick her, ſo I have.

Mer. Pho, pr'ythee ſtay where you are.

Ral. Nay, but I hate to ſee a toad ſo deviliſh greedy.

Mer. Well come, ſhe has not got a great deal, and I have thought how ſhe may do me a favour in her turn.

Ral. Ay, but you may put that out of your head, for I can tell you ſhe won't.

Mer. How ſo!

Ral. How ſo, why ſhe's as cunning as the Devil.

Mer. O ſhe is—I fancy I underſtand you. Well, in that caſe, friend Ralph——Your name's Ralph, I think?

Ral. Yes, Sir, at your ſervice, for want of a better.

Mer. I ſay then, friend Ralph, in that caſe, we will remit the favor you think of, till the lady is in a more complying humour, and try if ſhe cannot ſerve me at preſent in ſome other capacity——There are a good many gipſies hereabout, are there not?

Ral. Softly—I have a whole gang of them here in our barn; I have kept them about the place theſe three months, and all on account of ſhe.

Mer. Really.

Ral. Yea——but for your life don't ſay a word of it to any Chriſtian——I am in love with her.

Mer. Indeed!

Ral. Feyther is as mad with me about it, as Old Scratch; and I gets the plague and all of anger; but I don't mind that.

Mer. Well, friend Ralph, if you are in love, no doubt you have ſome influence over your miſtreſs; don't you think you could prevail upon her and her companions, to ſupply me with one of their habits, and let me go up with them to-day to my Lord Aimworth's.

Ral. Why do you want to go a mumming? We never do that here but in the Chriſtmas holidays.

Mer. No matter: manage this for me, and manage it with ſecreſy; and I promiſe you ſhall not go unrewarded.

Ral. Oh! as for that ſir, I don't look for any thing, I can eaſily get you a bundle of their rags: but I don't know whether you'll prevail on them to go up to my lord's, becauſe, they're afraid of a big dog that's in the yard: but I'll tell you what I can do; I can go up before you and have the dog faſtened, for I know his kennel.

Mer. That will do very well—By means of this diſguiſe I ſhall probably get a ſight of her; and I leave the reſt to love and fortune.

AIR.

Why quits the merchant, bleſt with eaſe,
The pleaſures of his native ſeat,
To tempt the dangers of the ſeas,
And climes more perilous than theſe;
Midſt freezing cold, or ſcorching heat?
He knows the hardſhips, knows the pain,
The length of way, but thinks it ſmall;
The ſweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all.

SCENE XIII.

PATTY, RALPH, GILES, FANNY.

Giles. So his lordſhip was as willing as the flowers in May——and as I was coming along, who ſhou'd I meet but your father——and he bid me run in all haſte and tell you——for we were ſure you would be deadly glad.

Pat. I know not what buſineſs you had to go to my Lord's at all, farmer.

Giles. Nay, I only did as I was desired——Master Fairfield bid me tell you moreover, as how he wou'd have you go up to my lord out of hand, and thank him.

Ral. So she ought; and take off those cloaths, and put on what's more becoming her station; you know my father spoke to you of that this morning too.

Pat. Brother, I shall obey my father.
Lye still my heart; oh! fatal stroke,
That kills at once my hopes and me.

Giles. *Miss Pat!*

Pat. ——*What?*

Giles. —— *Nay I only spoke:*

Ral. *Take courage, mon, she does but joke.*
Come, suster, somewhat kinder be.

Fan. *This is a thing the most oddest,*
Some folks are so plaguily modest;

Ral. Fan. *Were we in the case,*
To be in their place,
We'd carry it off with a different face.

Giles. *Thus I take her by the lily hand,*
So soft and white.

Ral. ——*Why now that's right;*
And kiss her too, mon, never stand.

Pat. Giles. *What words can explain*
My pleasure—my pain?
It presses, it rises,
My heart it surprizes,
I can't keep it down, tho' I'd never so fain.

Fan. *So here the play ends,*
The lovers are friends;

Ral. *Hush!*

Fan. ——*Tush!*

Giles. ——*Nah!*

Pat. ——*Psha!*

All. *What torment's exceeding, what joys are above,*
The pains and the pleasures that wait upon love.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Marble Portico, ornamented with Statues, which opens from Lord AIMWORTH's *Houſe; two Chairs near the Front.*

Enter Lord AIMWORTH *reading.*

IN how contemptible a light would the ſituation I am now in ſhew me to moſt of the fine men of the preſent age? In love with a country girl; rivalled by a poor fellow, one of my meaneſt tenants, and uneaſy at it! If I had a mind to her, I know they would tell me, I ought to have taken care to make myſelf eaſy long ago, when I had her in my power. But I have the teſtimony of my own heart in my favour; and I think, was it to do again, I ſhould act as I have done. Let's ſee, what we have here? perhaps a book may compoſe my thoughts; [*reads and throws the book away*] it's to no purpoſe, I can't read, I can't think, I can't do any thing.

AIR.

Ah! how vainly mortals treaſure
Hopes of happineſs and pleaſure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain;
By what ſtandards falſe we meaſure:
Still purſuing
Ways to ruin,
Seeking bliſs, and finding pain.

SCENE II.

LORD AIMWORTH, PATTY.

Pat. Now comes the trial: no, my ſentence is already pronounc'd, and I will meet my fate with prudence and reſolution.

L. Aim.

L. Aim. Who's there?

Pat. My Lord!

L. Aim. Patty Fairfield!

Pat. I humbly beg pardon, my Lord, for preſſing ſo abruptly into your preſence; but I was told I might walk this way; and I am come by my father's commands to thank your Lordſhip for all your favours.

L. Aim. Favours, Patty! what favours? I have done you none: but why this metamorphoſis? I proteſt, if you had not ſpoke, I ſhould not have known you; I never ſaw you wear ſuch cloaths as theſe in my mother's life-time.

Pat. No, my Lord, it was her Ladyſhip's pleaſure I ſhould wear better, and therefore I obeyed; but it is now my duty to dreſs in a manner more ſuitable to my ſtation, and future proſpects in life.

L. Aim. I am afraid, Patty, you are too humble—come, ſit down—nay, I will have it ſo.—What is it I have been told to-day, Patty? It ſeems you are going to be married.

Pat. Yes, my Lord.

L. Aim. Well, and don't you think you could have made a better choice than farmer Giles? I ſhould imagine your perſon, your accompliſhments, might have intitled you to look higher.

Pat. Your Lordſhip is pleaſed to over-rate my little merit: the education I received in your family does not intitle me to forget my origin; and the farmer is my equal.

L. Aim. In what reſpect? The degrees of rank and fortune, my dear Patty, are arbitrary diſtinctions, unworthy the regard of thoſe who conſider juſtly; the true ſtandard of equality is ſeated in the mind: thoſe who think nobly are noble.

Pat. The farmer, my Lord, is a very honeſt man.

L. Aim. So he may: I don't ſuppoſe he would break into a houſe, or commit a robbery on the highway: what do you tell me of his honeſty for?

Pat. I did not mean to offend your Lordſhip.

L. Aim. Offend! I am not offended, Patty; not at

all

all offended——But is there any merit in a man's being honeſt?

Pat. I don't ſay there is, my Lord.

L. Aim. The farmer is an ill-bred, illiterate booby; and what happineſs can you propoſe to yourſelf in ſuch a ſociety?——Then, as to his perſon, I am ſure—But perhaps, Patty, you like him; and if ſo, I am doing a wrong thing.

Pat. Upon my word, my Lord———

L. Aim. Nay, I ſee you do: he has had the good fortune to pleaſe you; and in that caſe, you are certainly in the right to follow your inclinations.—I muſt tell you one thing, Patty, however—I hope you won't think it unfriendly of me——But I am determined farmer Giles ſhall not ſtay a moment on my eſtate, after next quarter-day.

Pat. I hope, my Lord, he has not incurred your diſpleaſure———.

L. Aim. That's of no ſignification.—Could I find as many good qualities in him as you do, perhaps—— But 'tis enough, he's a fellow I don't like; and as you have a regard for him, I would have you adviſe him to provide himſelf.

Pat. My Lord, I am very unfortunate.

L. Aim. She loves him, 'tis plain——Come, Patty, don't cry; I would not willingly do any thing to make you uneaſy.—Have you ſeen Miſs Sycamore yet?—I ſuppoſe you know ſhe and I are going to be married.

Pat. So I hear, my Lord.———Heaven make you both happy!

L. Aim. Thank you, Patty; I hope we ſhall be happy.

Pat. Upon my knees, upon my knees I pray it: may every earthly bliſs attend you! may your days prove an uninterrupted courſe of delightful tranquility; and your mutual friendſhip, confidence and love, end but with your lives!

L. Aim. Riſe, Patty, riſe; ſay no more—I ſuppoſe you'll wait upon Miſs Sycamore before you go away—

at

at preſent I have a little buſineſs——As I ſaid, Patty, don't afflict yourſelf: I have been ſomewhat haſty with regard to the farmer; but ſince I ſee how deeply you are intereſted in his affairs, I may poſſibly alter my deſigns with regard to him——You know—You know, Patty, your marriage with him is no concern of mine—I only ſpeak———

AIR.

My paſſion in vain I attempt to diſſemble;
Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear:
Enraptur'd I gaze; when I touch her I tremble,
And ſpeak to and hear her, with falt'ring and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented!
My blood's in a ferment; it freezes, it burns:
This moment I wiſh, what the next is repented;
While love, rage, and jealouſy, rack me by turns.

SCENE III.

PATTY, GILES.

Giles. Miſs Pat—Odd rabbit it, I thought his honour was here; and I wiſh I may die if my heart did not jump into my mouth—Come, come down in all haſte, there's ſuch rig below as you never knew in your born days.

"*Pat.* Rig!—

"*Giles.* Ay, and fun"—There's as good as forty of the tenants, men and maidens, have got upon the lawn before the caſtle, with pipers and garlands; juſt for all the world as tho'f it was May-day; and the quality's looking at them out of the windows—'Tis as true as any thing; on account of my Lord's coming home with his new lady—" Look here, I have brought a ſtring of " flowers along with me."

Pat. Well, and what then?

Giles. Why I was thinking, if ſo be as you would come down, as we might take a dance together: little Sal,

Sal, farmer Harrow's daughter, of the Green, would fain have had me for a partner; but I ſaid as how I'd go for one I liked better, one that I'd make a partner for life.

Pat. Did you ſay ſo?

Giles. Yes, and ſhe was ſtruck all of a heap——ſhe had not a word to throw to a dog—for Sal and I kept company once for a little bit.

Pat. Farmer, I am going to ſay ſomething to you, and I deſire you will liſten to it attentively. It ſeems you think of our being married together.

Giles. Think? why I think of nothing elſe; it's all over the place mun, as how you are to be my ſpouſe; and you would not believe what game folks make of me.

Pat. Shall I talk to you like a friend, farmer—— You and I were never deſigned for one another; and I am morally certain we ſhould not be happy.

Giles. Oh! as for that matter, I never has no words with nobody.

Pat. Shall I ſpeak plainer to you then—I don't like you.

Giles. No!

Pat. On the contrary, you are diſagreeable to me—

Giles. Am I!

Pat. Yes, of all things: I deal with you ſincerely.

Giles. Why, I thought, Miſs Pat, the affair between you and I was all fix'd and ſettled.

Pat. Well, let this undeceive you—Be aſſured we ſhall never be man and wife. No offer ſhall perſuade, no command force me.—You know my mind, make your advantage of it.

AIR.

Was I ſure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vileſt ſlave,
Every hardſhip would I brave;
Rudeſt toil, ſevereſt need;
Ere yield my hand ſo coolly,
To the man who never, truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth

Wealth with others ſucceſs will inſure you,
Where your wit and your perſon may pleaſe;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy ſet me at eaſe.

SCENE IV.

GILES.

Here's a turn! I don't know what to make of it: ſhe's gone mad, that's for ſartin; wit and learning have crack'd her brain——Poor ſoul, poor ſoul——It is often the caſe of thoſe who have too much of them.—Lord, Lord, how ſorry I be—But hold, ſhe ſays I baint to her mind—mayn't all this be the effect of modiſh coyneſs, to do like the gentlewomen, becauſe ſhe was bred among them? And I have heard ſay, they will be upon their vixen tricks, till they go into the very church with a man. Icod there's nothing more likelier; for it is the cry of one and all, that ſhe's the moral of a lady in every thing: and our farmer's daughters, for the matter of that, tho'f they have nothing to boaſt of but a ſcrap of red ribbon about their hats, will have as many turnings and windings as a hare, before one can lay a faſt hold of them. There can no harm come of ſpeaking with Maſter Fairfield, however.—Odd rabbit it, how plaguy tart ſhe was—I am half vext with myſelf now that I let her go off ſo.

AIR.

When a maid, in way of marriage,
Firſt is courted by a man,
Let un do the beſt he can,
She's ſo ſhame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the ſuit's began.

Tho'f mayhap ſhe likes him mainly,
Still ſhe ſhams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confeſs it plainly,
Leſt the folks ſhould think her bold.

But

But the parſon comes in ſight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different ſtory quite,
And ſhe quickly buckles too.

SCENE V.

Changes to a View of Lord AIMWORTH'S *Houſe, and Improvements; a Seat under a Tree, and part of the Garden Wall, with a Chineſe Pavilion over it; ſeveral Country People appear dancing, others looking on; among whom are,* MERVIN, *diſguiſed,* RALPH, FANNY, *and a Number of Gipſies. After the Dancers go off,* THEODOSIA *and* PATTY *enter through a Gate ſuppoſed to have a Connection with the principal Building.*

The. Well then, my dear Patty, you will run away from us: but why in ſuch a hurry, I have a thouſand things to ſay to you?

Pat. I ſhall do myſelf the honour to pay my duty to you ſome other time, Madam; at preſent I really find myſelf a little indiſpoſed.

The. Nay, I would by no means lay you under any reſtraint. But methinks the entertainment we have juſt been taking part of, ſhould have put you into better ſpirits: I am not in an over-merry mood myſelf, yet, I ſwear, I could not look on the diverſion of thoſe honeſt folks, without feeling a certain *gaieté de cœur.*

Pat. Why indeed, madam, it had one circumſtance attending it, which is often wanting to more polite amuſements; that of ſeeming to give undiſſembled ſatisfaction to thoſe who were engaged in it.

The. Oh, infinite, infinite! to ſee the chearful, healthy looking creatures, toil with ſuch a good will! To me there were more genuine charms in their aukward ſtumping and jumping about, their rude meaſures, and homeſpun finery, than in all the dreſs, ſplendor, and ſtudied graces, of a birth-night ball-room.

Pat. 'Tis a very uncommon declaration to be made by a fine lady, madam: but certainly, however the artful delicacies of high life may dazzle and surprize, nature has particular attractions, even in a cottage, her moſt unadorned ſtate, which ſeldom fail to affect us, tho' we can ſcarce give a reaſon for it.

The. But you know, Patty, I was always a diſtracted admirer of the country; no damſel in romance was ever fonder of groves and purling ſtreams: had I been born in the days of Arcadia, with my preſent propenſity, inſtead of being a fine lady, as you call me, I ſhould certainly have kept a flock of ſheep.

Pat. Well, madam, you have the ſages, poets, and philoſophers, of all ages, to countenance your way of thinking.

The. And you, my little philoſophical friend, don't you think me in the right too?

Pat. Yes, indeed, madam, perfectly.

AIR.

Truſt me, would you taſte true pleaſure,
Without mixture, without meaſure,
No where ſhall you find the treaſure
Sure as in the ſylvan ſcene.

Bleſt, who, no falſe glare requiring,
Nature's rural ſweets admiring,
Can, from groſſer joys retiring,
Seek the ſimple and ſerene.

SCENE VI.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FANNY.

Mer. Yonder ſhe is ſeated; and, to my wiſh, moſt fortunately alone. Accoſt her as I deſired.

The. Heigh!

Fan. Heaven bleſs you, my ſweet lady—bleſs your honour's beautiful viſage, and ſend you a good huſband, and a great many of them.

The. A very comfortable wiſh upon my word: who are you, child?

Fan. A poor gipſey, an' pleaſe you, that goes about

begging from charitable gentlemen and ladies—If you have ere a coal or a bit of whiting in your pocket, I'll write you the firſt letter of your ſweetheart's name; how many huſbands you will have; and how many children, my lady: or, if you'll let me look at your line of life, I'll tell you whether it will be long or ſhort, happy or miſerable.

The. Oh! as for that, I know it already—you cannot tell me any good fortune, and therefore I'll hear none. Go about your buſineſs.

Mer. Stay, madam, ſtay, [*Pretending to lift a paper from the ground.*] you have dropt ſomething—Fan, call the young gentlewoman back.

Fan. Lady, you have loſt——

The. Pho, pho, I have loſt nothing.

Mer. Yes, that paper, lady; you dropt it as you got up from the chair.—Fan, give it to her honour.

The. A letter with my addreſs! [*Takes the paper and reads.*] "Dear Theodoſia! Though the ſight of me "was ſo diſagreeable to you, that you charged me "never to approach you more, I hope my hand-wri- "ting can have nothing to frighten or diſguſt you. I "am not far off; and the perſon who delivers you "this, can give you intelligence."——Come hither, child: do you know any thing of the gentleman that wrote this?

Fan. My Lady——

The. Make haſte, run this moment, bring me to him, bring him to me; ſay I wait with impatience; tell him I will go, fly any where——

Mer. My life, my charmer!

The. Oh, Heavens!——Mr. Mervin!

SCENE VII.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, FANNY, GIPSIES.

L. Syc. Sir Harry, don't walk ſo faſt, we are not running for a wager.

S. Har. Hough, hough, hough.

L. Syc. Hey day, you have got a cough; I ſhall have you laid upon my hands preſently. *S. Har.*

S. Har. No, no, my lady, it's only the old affair.

L. Syc. Come here, and let me tye this handkerchief about your neck; you have put yourſelf into a muck ſweat already. [*Ties a handkerchief about his neck.*] Have you taken your Bardana this morning? I warrant you not now, though you have been complaining of twitches two or three times; and you know the gouty ſeaſon is coming on. Why will you be ſo neglectful of your health, Sir Harry? I proteſt I am forced to watch you like an infant.

S. Har. My lovey takes care of me, and I am obliged to her.

L. Syc. Well, but you ought to mind me then, ſince you are ſatisfied I never ſpeak but for your good.—I thought, Miſs Sycamore, you were to have followed your papa and me into the garden.—How far did you go with that wench?

The. They are gipſies, madam, they ſay. Indeed I don't know what they are.

L. Syc. I wiſh Miſs, you would learn to give a rational anſwer.———

S. Har. Eh! what's that? gipſies! Have we gipſies here? Vagrants, that pretend to a knowledge of future events; diviners, fortune-tellers?

Fan. Yes, your worſhip, we'll tell your fortune, or her Ladyſhip's, for a crum of bread, or a little broken victuals: what you throw to your dogs, an pleaſe you.

S. Har. Broken victuals, huſſey! How do you think we ſhould have broken victuals?—If we are at home, indeed, perhaps you might get ſome ſuch thing from the cook: but here we are only on a viſit to a friend's houſe, and have nothing to do with the kitchen at all.

L. Syc. And do you think, Sir Harry, it is neceſſary to give the creature an account.

S. Har. No, love, no; but what can you ſay to obſtinate people?——Get you gone, bold face.—I once knew a merchant's wife in the city, my lady, who had her fortune told by ſome of thoſe gipſies. They ſaid ſhe ſhould die at ſuch a time; and I warrant, as ſure as

the day came, the poor gentlewoman actually died with the conceit.———Come, Doſſy, your mamma and I are going to take a walk.———My lady, will you have hold of my arm?

L. Syc. No, Sir Harry, I chooſe to go by myſelf.

Mer. Now, love, aſſiſt me—[*Turning to the gipſies.*] Follow and take all your cues from me——Nay, but good lady and gentleman, you won't go without remembering the poor gipſies.

S. Har. Hey! here is all the gang after us.

Gip. Pray, your noble honour.

L. Syc. Come back in the garden; we ſhall be covered with vermin.

Gip. Out of the bowels of your commiſeration.

L. Syc. They preſs upon us more and more; yet that girl has no mind to leave them: I ſhall ſwoon away.

S. Har. Don't be frighten'd, my lady; let me advance.

AIR.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do you mean?
I'll maul you raſcallions,
Ye tatter-demallions——
If one of you come within reach of my cane.
Such curſed aſſurance,
'Tis paſt all endurance.
Nay, nay, pray come away.
They're lyars and thieves,
And he that believes
Their fooliſh predictions,
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FANNY, GIPSIES.

Fan. Oh! mercy, dear—The gentleman is ſo bold, 'tis well if he does not bring us into trouble. Who knows but this may be a juſtice of peace! and ſee, he's following them into the garden!

1ſt Gip. Well, 'tis all your ſeeking, Fan.

Fan. We ſhall have warrants to take us up, I'll be hang'd elſe. We had better run away, the ſervants will come out with ſticks to lick us.

Mer.

Mer. Curſed ill fortune—[*Here Mervin returns with gipſies.*]—She's gone, and, perhaps, I ſhall not have another opportunity—And you, ye blundering block-head, I won't give you a halfpenny——Why did you not clap too the garden door, when I called to you, before the young lady got in? The key was on the outſide, which would have given me ſome time for an explanation.

2d Gip. An pleaſe your honour I was dubus.

Mer. Dubus! plague choak ye——However, it is ſome ſatisfaction that I have been able to let her ſee me, and know where I am [*Turning to the gipſies, who go off.*] ——Go, get you gone, all of you, about your buſineſs.

The. Diſappeared, fled! [*Theodoſia appears in the pavilion.*]—Oh, how unlucky this is!—Could he not have patience to wait a moment?

Mer. I know not what to reſolve on.

The. Hem!

Mer. I'll go back to the garden-door.

The. Mr. Mervin!

Mer. What do I ſee!—'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf!—Oh, Theodoſia!—Shall I climb the wall and come up to you?

The. No; ſpeak ſoftly: Sir Harry and my Lady ſit below at the end of the walk—How much am I obliged to you for taking this trouble.

Mer. When their happineſs is at ſtake, what is it men will not attempt?—Say but you love me.

The. What proof would you have me give you?—I know but of one: if you pleaſe I am willing to go off with you.

Mer. Are you!—Would to Heaven I had brought a carriage!

The. How did you come?—Have you not horſes?

Mer. No; there's another misfortune.——To avoid ſuſpicion, there being but one little public-houſe in the village, I diſpatched my ſervant with them, about an hour ago, to wait for me at a town twelve miles diſtant, whither I pretended to go; but alighting a mile off, I equipt myſelf, and came back as you ſee: neither can we, nearer than this town, get a poſt-chaiſe.

The. You say you have made a confidant of the miller's son:—return to your place of rendezvous:—my father has been asked this moment, by Lord Aimworth, who is in the garden, to take a walk with him down to the Mill: they will go before dinner; and it shall be hard if I cannot contrive to be one of the company.

Mer. And what then———

The. Why, in the mean time, you may devise some method to carry me from hence: and I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of communicating it to me.

Mer. Well, but dear Theodosia———

AIR.

The. *Hist, hist! I hear my mother call——*
Pr'ythee be gone;
We'll meet anon:
Catch this, and this——
Blow me a kiss
In pledge of promis'd truth, that's all.
Farewell!——and yet a moment stay;
Something beside I had to say:——
Well, 'tis forgot?
No matter what———
Love grant us grace;
The mill's the place:
She calls again, I must away.

SCENE IX.

MERVIN, FANNY.

Fan. Please your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow-travellers for their trouble: and they think I have gotten the money.

Mer. Oh, here; give them this—[*Gives her money.*] And for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me so cleverly through my business, that I must——

Fan. Oh, Lord!—your honour—[*Mervin kisses her.*] Pray don't———kiss me again.

Mer. Again, and again.———There's a thought come into my head.—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only we may escape to-night.—This girl,

girl, for a little money, will provide us with neceſſaries.———

Fan. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat: why would you royſter and touzle one ſo?—If Ralph was to ſee you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mer. Hang Ralph! never mind him.—There's a guinea for thee.

Fan. What, a golden guinea?———

Mer. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I deſire thee, thou ſha't have twenty.

Fan. Ay, but not all gold.

Mer. As good as that is.

Fan. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mer. You ſhall.

Fan. Precious heart! He's a ſweet gentleman!—Icod I have a great mind———

Mer. What art thou thinking about?

Fan. Thinking, your honour?—Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Indeed, ſo merry.

Fan. I don't know what I am thinking about, not I—Ha, ha, ha!—Twenty guineas!

Mer. I tell thee thou ſhalt have them.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mer. By Heaven I am ſerious.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha!—Why then I'll do whatever your honour pleaſes.

Mer. Stay here a little, to ſee that all keeps quiet: you'll find me preſently at the mill, where we'll talk farther.

AIR.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine!
I muſt, I will poſſeſs thee:
Oh, what delight within my arms to preſs thee!
To kiſs, and call thee mine!
Let me this only bliſs enjoy;
That ne'er can waſte, that ne'er can cloy:
All other pleaſures I reſign.
Why ſhould we dally;
Stand ſhilli ſhally:

Let

Let fortune ſmile or frown;
Love will attend us;
Love will befriend us;
And all our wiſhes crown.

SCENE X.

FANNY, RALPH.

Fan. What a dear kind ſoul he is—Here comes Ralph—I can tell him, unleſs he makes me his lawful wife, as he has often ſaid he would, the devil a word more ſhall he ſpeak to me.

Ral. So, Fan, where's the gentleman?

Fan. How ſhould I know where he is; what do you aſk me for?

Ral. There's no harm in putting a civil queſtion, be there? Why you look as croſs and ill-natured——

Fan. Well, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have where-withal for it.

Ral. Why, has the gentleman offered any thing uncivil? Ecod, I'd try a bout as ſoon as look at him.

Fan. He offer—no—he's a gentleman every inch of him; but you are ſenſible, Ralph, you have been promiſing me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other; and, when all comes to all, I don't ſee but you are like the reſt of them.

Ral. Why, what is it I have promiſed?

Fan. To marry me in the church, you have, a hundred times.

Ral. Well, and mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fan. Patience! me no patience; you may do it now if you pleaſe.

Ral. Well, but ſuppoſe I don't pleaſe? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger enow from feyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I ſaid, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fan. With all my heart, then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourſelf.

Ral. Ay, ay.

Fan.

Fan. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ral. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to that?

Fan. A menial feller—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my ſhoes—feller.

Ral. Nay, but Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head: odds fleſh! I would fain know what fly bites all of a ſudden now.

Fan. Marry come up, the beſt gentlemen's ſons in the country have made me proffers; and if one is a miſs, be a miſs to a gentleman, I ſay, that will give one fine cloaths, and take one to ſee the ſhow, and put money in one's pocket.

Ral. Whu, whu—[*Hits him a ſlap.*] What's that for?

Fan. What do you whiſtle for, then? Do you think I am a dog?

Ral. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this ſwitch in my hand here, as good a lacing———

Fan. Touch me, if you dare: touch me, and I'll ſwear my life againſt you.

Ral. A murrain! with her damn'd little fiſt as hard as ſhe could draw.

Fan. Well, it's good enough for you; I'm not neceſſitated to take up with the impudence of ſuch a low-lived monkey as you are.——A gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good as this is.

Ral. Belike from this Londoner, eh?

Fan. Yes, from him—ſo you may take your promiſe of marriage; I don't value it that—[*ſpits*] and if you ſpeak to me I'll ſlap your chops again.

AIR.

Lord, Sir, you ſeem mighty uneaſy;
But I the refuſal can bear:
I warrant I ſhall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of deſpair.
If ſo you ſuppoſe, you're miſtaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not ſuch a maiden forſaken,
But I have two ſtrings to my bow.

SCENE XI.

RALPH.

Indeed! Now I'll be judg'd by any ſoul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here; there is no ſuch thing as a true friend upon the face of the globe, and ſo I have ſaid a hundred times! A couple of baſe deceitful——after all my love and kindneſs ſhewn! Well, I'll be revenged; ſee an I be'nt——Marſter Marvint, that's his name, an he do not ſham it: he has come here and diſguiſed unſelf; whereof 'tis contrary to law ſo to do: beſides, I do partly know why he did it; and I'll fiſh out the whole conjuration, and go up to the caſtle and tell every ſyllable; a ſhan't carry a wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is, and twenty times to that again; and moreover than ſo, the firſt time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho'ſ 'twas before my Lord himſelf; and he may capias me for it afterwards an he will.

AIR.

As they count me ſuch a ninny,
So to let them rule the roaſt;
I'll bet any one a guinea
They have ſcor'd without their hoſt.
But if I don't ſhew him in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me paſs for a fool and an aſs.

To be ſure yon ſly cajoler
Thought the work as good as done,
When he found the little ſtroller
Was ſo eaſy to be won.
But if I don't ſhew him in lieu of it,
A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
Then let me paſs for a fool or an aſs.

SCENE XII.

Changes to a Room in the Mill; two Chairs, with a Table, and a Tankard of Beer.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Fai. In ſhort, farmer, I don't know what to ſay to thee.

thee. I have ſpoken to her all I can; but I think children were born to pull the grey hairs of their parents to the grave with ſorrow.

Giles. Nay, Maſter Fairfield, don't take on about it: belike Miſs Pat has another love: and if ſo, in Heaven's name be't: what's one man's meat, as the ſaying is, is another man's poiſon; and, tho'f ſome might find me well enough to their fancy, ſet in caſe I don't ſuit her's, why there's no harm done.

Fai. Well but, neighbour, I have put that to her; and the ſtory is, ſhe has no inclination to marry any one; all ſhe deſires, is, to ſtay at home and take care of me.

Giles. Maſter Fairfield——here's towards your good health.

Fai. Thank thee, friend Giles—and here's towards thine.—I promiſe thee, had things gone as we propoſed, thou ſhould'ſt have had one half of what I was worth, to the uttermoſt farthing.

Giles. Why to be ſure, Maſter Fairfield, I am not the leſs obligated to your good-will; but, as to that matter, had I married, it ſhould not have been for the lucre of gain; but if I do like a girl, do you ſee, I do like her; ay, and I'd take her, ſaving reſpect, if ſhe had not a ſecond petticoat.

Fai. Well ſaid—where love is, with a little induſtry, what have a young couple to be afraid of? And, by the Lord Harry, for all that's paſt, I cannot help thinking we ſhall bring our matters to bear yet—Young women you know, friend Giles——

Giles. Why, that's what I have been thinking with myſelf, Maſter Fairfield.

Fai. Come, then, mend thy draught.—Duce take me if I let it drop ſo—But, in any caſe, don't you go to make yourſelf uneaſy.

Giles. Uneaſy, Maſter Fairfield; what good would that do?—For ſartin, ſeeing how things were, I ſhould have been very glad they had gone accordingly; but if they change, 'tis no fault of mine you know.

AIR.

AIR.

Zooks! why ſhould I ſit down and grieve?
No caſe ſo hard, there mayn't be had
Some med'cine to relieve.

Here's what maſters all diſaſters:
With a cup of nut-brown beer,
Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer:
If one pretty damſel fail me,
From another I may find
Return more kind;
What a murrain then ſhould ail me!
All girls are not of a mind.

He's a child that whimpers for a toy;
So here's to thee, honeſt boy.

SCENE XIII.

FAIRFIELD, LORD AIMWORTH.

Fai. O the goodneſs, his Lordſhip's honour—you are come into a litter'd place, my noble Sir—the arm-chair——will it pleaſe your honour to repoſe you on this, till a better———

L. Aim. Thank you, miller, there's no occaſion for either.———I only want to ſpeak a few words to you, and have company waiting for me without.

Fai. Without———won't their honours favour my poor hovel ſo far———

L. Aim. No, miller, let them ſtay where they are. —I find you are about marrying your daughter—I know the great regard my mother had for her; and am ſatisfied, that nothing but her ſudden death could have prevented her leaving her a handſome proviſion.

Fai. Dear, my Lord, your noble mother, you, and all your family, have heaped favours on favours on my poor child.

L. Aim. Whatever has been done for her ſhe has fully merited———

Fai. Why, to be ſure, my Lord, ſhe is a very good girl.

L. Aim. Poor old man—but thoſe are tears of ſatisfaction.———Here, Maſter Fairfield, to bring matters

to

to a short conclusion, here is a bill of a thousand pounds.———Portion your daughter with what you think convenient of it.

Fai. A thousand pounds, my Lord! Pray excuse me; excuse me, worthy Sir; too much has been done already, and we have no pretensions———

L. Aim. I insist upon your taking it.——Put it up, and say no more.

Fai. Well, my Lord, if it must be so: but indeed, indeed———

L. Aim. In this I only fulfil what I am satisfied would please my mother. As to myself, I shall take upon me all the expences of Patty's wedding, and have already given orders about it.

Fai. Alas, Sir, you are too good, too generous; but I fear we shall not be able to profit of your kind intentions, unless you will condescend to speak a little to Patty.

L. Aim. How speak!

Fai. Why, my Lord, I thought we had pretty well ordered all things concerning this marriage; but all on a sudden the girl has taken it into her head not to have the farmer, and declares she will never marry at all.——But I know, my Lord, she'll pay great respect to any thing you say: and if you'll but lay your commands on her to marry him, I'm sure she'll do it.

L. Aim. Who, I lay my commands on her?

Fai. Yes, pray, my Lord, do; I'll send her in to you.

L. Aim. " Master Fairfield, [*Fairfield goes out and returns.*]—What can be the meaning of this?—Re- " fuse to marry the farmer!—How, why?—My heart " is thrown in an agitation; while every step I take " serves but to lead me into new perplexities.

Fai. " She's coming, my Lord; I said you were " here;" and I humbly beg you will tell her, you insist upon the match going forward; tell her, you insist upon it, my Lord, and speak a little angrily to her.

SCENE XIV.

LORD AIMWORTH, PATTY.

L. Aim. I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our

 conver-

converſation this morning, to render your change of ſtate as agreeable and happy as I could: but your father tells me, you have fallen out with the farmer? has any thing happened, ſince I ſaw you laſt, to alter your good opinion of him?

Pat. No, my Lord, I am in the ſame opinion with regard to the farmer now as I always was.

L. Aim. I thought, Patty, you loved him, you told me———

Pat. My Lord!

L. Aim. Well, no matter—Poſſibly your affections are engaged elſewhere: let me but know the man that can make you happy, and I ſwear———

Pat. Indeed, my Lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love ſomebody ſo much beneath you, you are aſhamed to own it; but your eſteem confers a value whereſoever it is placed. I was too harſh with you this morning: our inclinations are not in our own power; they maſter the wiſeſt of us.

Pat. Pray, pray my Lord, talk not to me in this ſtile: conſider me as one deſtined by birth and fortune to the meaneſt condition and offices; who has unhappily been apt to imbibe ſentiments contrary to them! Let me conquer a heart, where pride and vanity have uſurped an improper rule; and learn to know myſelf, of whom I have been too long ignorant.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love ſome one ſo much above you, you are afraid to own it——If ſo, be his rank what it will, he is to be envied: for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and ſentiment, does honour to a monarch.——What means that downcaſt look, thoſe tears, thoſe bluſhes? Dare you not confide in me?—Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would ſympathize with you more ſincerely than I?

Pat. What ſhall I anſwer?—No, my Lord, you have ever treated me with a kindneſs, a generoſity of which none but minds like your's are capable: you have been my inſtructor, my adviſer, my protector; but, my Lord, you have been too good: when our ſuperiors forget the diſtance

distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too: had you been less condescending, perhaps I had been happier.

L. Aim. And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy: I, who would sacrifice my own felicity, to secure your's?

Pat. I beg, my Lord, you will suffer me to be gone: only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

L. Aim. How unworthy!—You merit every thing; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love! —Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your modesty, your understanding, have made a conquest of my heart.—But what a world do we live in! that, while I own this; while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess, the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches—

Pat. Ah, Sir, think better of the creature you have raised, than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? Would that be a grateful reverence for the memory of her——Pity and pardon the disturbance of a mind that fears to enquire too minutely into its own sensations.——I am unfortunate, my Lord, but not criminal.

L. Aim. Patty, we are both unfortunate: for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself.

Pat. Then, my Lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought: yet, while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction; or capable of lightly turning my thoughts towards another.

L. Aim. How cruel is my situation!——I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

Pat. My Lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety, it should be so: I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother, but I shall be able to do my duty, whenever I am called to it: this will be my first support; time and reflection will complete the work.

AIR.

Ceaſe, oh ceaſe, to overwhelm me,
With exceſs of bounty rare;
What am I? What have I? Tell me,
To deſerve your meaneſt care?
'Gainſt our fate in vain's reſiſtance,
Let me then no grief diſcloſe;
But reſign'd, at humble diſtance,
Offer vows for your repoſe.

SCENE XV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY, *Sir* HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA, GILES.

S. Har. No juſtice of peace, no bailiffs, no headborough!

L. Aim. What's the matter, Sir Harry?

S. Har. The matter, my Lord—While I was examining the conſtruction of the mill without, for I have ſome ſmall notion of mechanics, Miſs Sycamore had like to have been run away with by a gipſey man.

The. Dear papa, how can you talk ſo? Did not I tell you it was at my own deſire the poor fellow went to ſhew me the canal.

S. Har. Hold your tongue, miſs. I don't know any buſineſs you had to let him come near you at all: we have ſtayed ſo long too; your mamma gave us but half an hour, and ſhe'll be frightened out of her wits—ſhe'll think ſome accident has happened to me.

L. Aim. I'll wait upon you when you pleaſe.

S. Har. O! but my Lord, here's a poor fellow; it ſeems his miſtreſs has conceived ſome diſguſt againſt him: pray has her father ſpoke to you to interpoſe your authority in his behalf?

Giles. If his Lordſhip's honour would be ſo kind, I would acknowledge the favour as far as in me lay.

S. Har. Let me ſpeak—[*Takes Lord Aimworth aſide*] a word or two in your Lordſhip's ear.

The. Well, I do like this gipſey ſcheme prodigiouſly, if we can but put it into execution as happily as we have contrived it.—[*here Patty enters*] So, my dear Patty, you

ſee

ſee I am come to return your viſit very ſoon; but this is only a call *en paſſant*—will you be at home after dinner?

Pat. Certainly, madam, whenever you condeſcend to honour me ſo far; but it is what I cannot expect.

The. O fye, why not———

Giles. Your ſervant, Miſs Patty.

Pat. Farmer, your ſervant.

S. Har. Here you goodman delver, I have done your buſineſs; my Lord has ſpoke, and your fortune's made: a thouſand pounds at preſent, and better things to come; his Lordſhip ſays he will be your friend.

Giles. I do hope, then, Miſs Pat will make all up.

S. Har. Miſs Pat, make up! ſtand out of the way, I'll make it up.

The quarrels of lovers, adds me! they're a jeſt;
Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither:
So now let us leave them together.

L. Aim. *Farewell, then!*

Pat. ——————*For ever!*

Giles. ——————*I vow and proteſt,*
'Twas kind of his honour,
To gain thus upon her;
We're ſo much beholden it can't be expreſt,

The. *I feel ſomething here,*
'Twixt hoping and fear:
Haſte, haſte, friendly night,
To ſhelter our ſlight——

L. Aim. } *A thouſand diſtractions are rending my breaſt.*
Pat. }

Pat. *O mercy,*

Giles. ————*Oh dear!*

S. Har. *Why Miſs, will you mind when you're ſpoke to, or not?*
Muſt I ſtand in waiting,
While you're here a prating?

L. Aim. } *May ev'ry felicity fall to your lot.*
The. }

Giles. *She curtſies!—Look there,*
What a ſhape, what an air!—

All. *How happy, how wretched! how tir'd am I!*
Your Lordſhip's obedient; your ſervant; good bye.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Portico to Lord AIMWORTH'S *Houſe.*

Enter Lord AIMWORTH, *Sir* HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE.

Lady Sycamore.

A Wretch! a vile, inconſiderate wretch! coming of ſuch a race as mine; and having an example like me before her!

L. Aim. I beg, madam, you will not diſquiet yourſelf: you are told here, that a gentleman lately arrived from London has been about the place to-day; that he has diſguiſed himſelf like a gipſey, came hither, and had ſome converſation with your daughter; you are even told, that there is a deſign formed for their going off together; but poſſibly there may be ſome miſtake in all this.

S. Har. Ay, but my Lord, the lad tells us the gentleman's name; we have ſeen the gipſies; and we know ſhe has had a hankering———

L. Syc. Sir Harry, my dear, why will you put in your word, when you hear others ſpeaking—I proteſt, my Lord, I'm in ſuch confuſion, I know not what to ſay: I can hardly ſupport myſelf.———

L. Aim. This gentleman, it ſeems, is at a little inn at the bottom of the hill.

S. Har. I wiſh it was poſſible to have a file of muſqueteers, my Lord; I could head them myſelf, being in the militia: and we would go and ſeize him directly.

L. Aim. Softy, my dear Sir; let us proceed with a little leſs violence in this matter, I beſeech you. We ſhould firſt ſee the young lady——Where is Miſs Sycamore, madam?

L. Syc. Really, my Lord, I don't know; I ſaw her go into the garden about a quarter of an hour ago, from our chamber window.

S. Har. Into the garden! perhaps ſhe has got an inkling of our being informed of this affair, and is gone to throw herſelf into the pond. Deſpair, my Lord, makes girls do terrible things. 'Twas but the

Wedneſday

Wednesday before we left London, that I saw, taken out of Rosamond's pond, in Saint James's Park, as likely a young woman as ever you would desire to set your eyes on, in a new callimanco petticoat, and a pair of silver buckles in her shoes.

L. Aim. I hope there is no danger of any such fatal accident happening at present; but will you oblige me, Sir Harry?

S. Har. Surely, my Lord——

L. Aim. Will you commit the whole direction of this affair to my prudence?

S. Har. My dear, you hear what his Lordship says.

L. Syc. Indeed, my Lord, I am so much asham'd, I don't know what to answer; the fault of my daughter.—

L. Aim. Don't mention it, madam; the fault has been mine, who have been innocently the occasion of a young lady's transgressing a point of duty and decorum, which, otherwise, she would never have violated. But if you, and Sir Harry, will walk in and repose yourselves, I hope to settle every thing to the general satisfaction.

L. Syc. Come in, Sir Harry. [*Exit.*

L. Aim. I am sure, my good friend, had I known that I was doing a violence to Miss Sycamore's inclinations, in the happiness I proposed to myself——

S. Har. My Lord, 'tis all a case——My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a very sensible man—he was elected knight of the shire in five successive parliaments; and died high sheriff of his county—a man of fine parts, fine talents, and one of the most curiosest docker of horses in all England (but that he did only now and then for his amusement)——And he used to say, my Lord, that the female sex were good for nothing but to bring forth children, and breed disturbance.

L. Aim. The ladies were very little obliged to your ancestor, Sir Harry; but for my part, I have a more favourable opinion——

S. Har. You are in the wrong, my Lord; with submission, you are really in the wrong.

AIR.

AIR.

To speak my mind of woman kind,
In one word 'tis this;
By nature they're design'd,
To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives:
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study day and night,
Is mischief, their delight:
And if we should prevent,
At one door their intent;
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

SCENE II.

"*Lord* AIMWORTH," *Enter* FAIRFIELD, "RALPH."

"*Ral.* Dear goodness, my Lord, I doubts I have "done some wrong here; I hope your honour will for- "give me; to be sartin, if I had known———

"*L. Aim.* You have done nothing but what's very "right, my lad; don't make yourself uneasy."—How now, Master Fairfield, what brings you here?

Fai. I am come, my Lord, to thank you for your bounty to me and my daughter this morning, and most humbly to intreat your Lordship to receive it at our hands again.

L. Aim. Ay—why, what's the matter?

Fai. I don't know, my Lord; it seems your generosity to my poor girl has been noised about the neighbourhood; and some evil-minded people have put it into the young man's head, that was to marry her, that you would never have made her a present so much above her deserts and expectations, if it had not been upon some naughty account: now, my Lord, I am a poor man, 'tis true, and a mean one; but I and my father, and my father's father, have lived tenants upon your Lordship's estate, where we have always been known

known for honeſt men; and it ſhall never be ſaid, that Fairfield, the miller, became rich in his old days by the wages of his child's ſhame.

L. Aim. What then, Maſter Fairfield, do you believe———

Fai. No, my Lord, no, Heaven forbid; but when I conſider the ſum, it is too much for us; "it is indeed, "my Lord," and enough to make bad folks talk: beſides, my poor girl is greatly alter'd; ſhe us'd to be the life of every place ſhe came into; but ſince her being at home, I have ſeen nothing from her but ſadneſs and watery eyes.

L. Aim. The farmer then refuſes to marry Patty, notwithſtanding their late reconciliation.

Fai. Yes, my Lord, he does indeed; and has made a wicked noiſe, and uſed us in a very baſe manner: I did not think farmer Giles would have been ſo ready to believe ſuch a thing of us.

L. Aim. Well, Maſter Fairfield, I will not preſs on you a donation, the rejection of which does you ſo much credit; you may take my word, however, that your fears upon this occaſion are entirely groundleſs: but this is not enough, as I have been the means of loſing your daughter one huſband, it is but juſt I ſhould get her another; and, ſince the farmer is ſo ſcrupulous, there is a young man in the houſe here, whom I have ſome influence over, and I dare ſay he will be leſs ſqueamiſh.

Fai. To be ſure, my Lord, you have, in all honeſt ways, a right to diſpoſe of me and mine, as you think proper.

L. Aim. Go then immediately, and bring Patty hither; I ſhall not be eaſy till I have given you entire ſatisfaction. But, ſtay and take a letter, which I am ſtepping into my ſtudy to write: I'll order a chaiſe to be got ready, that you may go back and forward with greater expedition.

AIR.

Let me fly———hence tyrant faſhion,
Teach to ſervile minds your law;
Curb in them each gen'rous paſſion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe. *Shall*

Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart?
While it beats, all fervent, glowing!
With my life I'll sooner part.

SCENE III.

FANNY *following* RALPH.

Fan. Ralph, Ralph!

Ral. What do you want with me, eh?

Fan. Lord, I never knowed such a man as you are, since I com'd into the world; a body can't speak to you, but you falls strait ways into a passion: I followed you up from the house, only you run so, there was no such a thing as overtaking you, and I have been waiting there at the back door ever so long.

Ral. Well, and now you may go wait at the fore door, if you like it: but I forewarn you and your gang not to keep lurking about our mill any longer; for if you do, I'll send the constable after you, and have you, every mother's skin, clapt into the county gaol, you are such a pack of thieves, one can't hang so much as a rag to dry for you: it was but the other day that a couple of them came into our kitchen to beg a handful of dirty flour to make them cakes, and before the wench could turn about, they had whipped off three brass candlesticks, and a pot-lid.

Fan. Well, sure it was not I.

Ral. Then you know that old rascal, that you call father; the last time I catch'd him laying snares for the hares, I told him I'd inform the game-keeper, and I'll expose all———

Fan. Ah, dear Ralph, don't be angry with me.

Ral. Yes I will be angry with you—what do you come nigh me for?—You shan't touch me—There's the skirt of my coat, and if you do but lay a finger on it, my Lord's bailiff is here in the court, and I'll call him and give you to him.

Fan. If you'll forgive me, I'll go down on my knees.

Ral. I tell you I won't.—No, no, follow your gentleman;

tleman; or go live upon your old fare, crows and polecats, and ſheep that die of the rot; pick the dead fowl off the dung-hills, and ſquench your thirſt at the next ditch, 'tis the fitteſt liquor to waſh down ſuch dainties —ſkulking about from barn to barn, and lying upon wet ſtraw, on commons, and in green lanes—go and be whipt from pariſh to pariſh, as you uſed to be.

Fan. How can you talk ſo unkind?

Ral. And ſee whether you will get what will keep you as I did, by telling of fortunes, and coming with pillows under your apron, among the young farmers wives, to make believe you are a breeding, with "the Lord Almighty bleſs you, ſweet miſtreſs, you cannot tell how ſoon it may be your own caſe." You know I am acquainted with all your tricks—and how you turn up the whites of your eyes, pretending you were ſtruck blind by thunder and lightning.

Fan. Pray don't be angry, Ralph.

Ral. Yes but I will tho'; ſpread your cobwebs to catch flies, I am an old waſp, and don't value them a button.

AIR.

When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindneſs and good-nature,
Prove as kind again to ſhe;
Happy mortal! to poſſeſs her,
In your boſom, warm, and preſs her,
Morning, noon, and night, careſs her,
And be fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit:
Nothing's tough enough to bind;
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go and never mind her:
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

FANNY:

" I wish I had a draught of water. I don't know " what's come over me; I have no more strength than " a babe; a straw would fling me down."—He has a heart as hard as any parish-officer; I don't doubt now but he would stand by and see me himself; and we shall all be whipt, and all through my means.—The devil run away with the gentleman, and his twenty guineas too, for leading me astray: if I had known Ralph would have taken it so, I would have hanged myself before I would have said a word—but I thought he had no more gall than a pigeon.

AIR.

O! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack,
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue thro' spite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SCENE V.

Changes to a Room in the Miller's House.

Enter GILES, *followed by* PATTY *and* THEODOSIA.

" AIR.

" Giles. *Women's tongues are like mill-clappers,*
" *And from thence they learn the knack,*
" *Of for-ever-sounding clack.*"——

Giles. Why, what the plague's the matter with you, what do you scold at me for? I am sure I did not say an uncivil word, as I know of: I'll be judged by the young lady if I did.

Pat. 'Tis very well, farmer; all I desire is, that you will leave the house: you see my father is not at home at present; when he is, if you have any thing to say, you know where to come.

Giles. Enough said, I don't want to stay in the house, not I; and I don't much care if I had never come into it.

The. For shame, farmer, down on your knees and beg Miss Fairfield's pardon for the outrage you have been guilty of.

Giles. Beg pardon, miss, for what?—I cod that's well enough; why I am my own master, be'nt I?—If I have no mind to marry, there's no harm in that, I hope: 'tis only changing hands.—This morning she would not have me; and now I won't have she.

Pat. Have you!—Heavens and earth! do you think then 'tis the missing of you that gives me concern?—No: I would prefer a state of beggary a thousand times beyond any thing I could enjoy with you: and be assured, if ever I was seemingly consenting to such a sacrifice, nothing should have compelled me to it, but the cruelty of my situation.

Giles. Oh as for that, I believes you; but you see the gudgeon would not bite as I told you a bit agone you know: we farmers never love to reap what we don't sow.

Pat. You brutish fellow, how dare you talk——

Giles. So, now she's in her tantrums again, and all for no manner of yearthly thing.

Pat. But be assured my lord will punish you severely for daring to make free with his name.

Giles. Who made free with it; did I ever mention my lord? 'Tis a curse lie.

Theo. Bless me! farmer!

Giles. Why it is, miss——and I'll make her prove her words——Then what does she mean by being punished? I am not afraid of nobody, nor beholding to nobody, that I do know of; while I pays my rent, my money, I believe, is as good as another's: egad, if it goes there, I think there be those deserve to be punished more than I.

Pat. Was ever unfortunate creature purſued as I am, by diſtreſſes and vexations!

The. My dear Patty—See, farmer, you have thrown her into tears—Pray be comforted.

AIR.

Patty. *Oh leave me, in pity! The falſhood I ſcorn;*
For ſlander the boſom untainted defies:
But rudeneſs and inſults are not to be borne,
Tho' offer'd by wretches we've ſenſe to deſpiſe.

Of women defenceleſs, how cruel the fate!
Paſs ever ſo cautious; ſo blameleſs her way,
Nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,
And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

SCENE VI.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA.

The. You are a pretty gentleman, are not you, to ſuffer a lady to be at a rendezvous before you?

Mer. Difficulties, my dear, and dangers——None of the company had two ſuits of apparel; ſo I was obliged to purchaſe a rag of one, and a tatter from another, at the expence of ten times the ſum they would fetch at the paper-mill.

The. Well, where are they?

Mer. Here, in this bundle——and tho' I ſay it, a very decent habiliment, if you have art enough to ſtick the parts together: I've been watching till the coaſt was clear to bring them to you.

The. Let me ſee——I'll ſlip into this cloſet and equip myſelf——All here is in ſuch confuſion, there will no notice be taken.

Mer. Do ſo; I'll take care nobody ſhall interrupt you in the progreſs of your metamorphoſis [*ſhe goes in*]—and if you are not tedious, we may walk off without being ſeen by any one.

The. Ha! ha! ha!——What a concourſe of atoms are here? tho', as I live, they are a great deal better than I expected.

Mer.

Mer. Well, pray make haſte; and don't imagine yourſelf at your toilette now, where mode preſcribes two hours, for what reaſon would ſcarce allow three minutes.

The. Have patience; the outward garment is on already; and I'll aſſure you a very good ſtuff, only a little the worſe for the mending.

Mer. Imagine it embroidery, and conſider it is your wedding ſuit.——Come, how far are you got?

The. Stay, you don't conſider there's ſome contrivance neceſſary.——Here goes the apron flounced and furbelow'd with a witneſs—Alas! alas! it has no ſtrings! what ſhall I do? Come, no matter, a couple of pins will ſerve——And now the cap——oh, mercy! here's a hole in the crown of it large enough to thruſt my head through.

Mer. That you'll hide with your ſtraw-hat; or, if you ſhould not——What, not ready yet?

The. Only one minute more—Yes, now the work's accompliſh'd. AIR.

Who'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy
The gipſey's favours?——Here am I!
Through the village, through the town,
What charming fav'ry ſcraps we'll earn!
Clean ſtraw ſhall be our beds of down,
And our withdrawing-room a barn.

Young and old, and grave, and gay,
The miſer and the prodigal;
Cit, courtier, bumpkin, come away;
I warrant we'll content you all.

SCENE VII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Mer. Plague, here's ſomebody coming.

Fai. As to the paſt, farmer, 'tis paſt; I bear no malice for any thing thou haſt ſaid.

Giles. Why, Maſter Fairfield, you do know I had a great regard for Miſs Patty; but when I came to conſider all in all, I finds as how it is not adviſeable to change my condition yet awhile.

Fai. Friend Giles, thou art in the right; marriage is a ſerious point, and can't be conſidered too warily.—Ha, who have we here!—Shall I never keep my houſe clear of theſe vermin?——Look to the goods there, and give me a horſe-whip—by the Lord Harry, I'll make an example—Come here, Lady Lightfingers, let me ſee what thou haſt ſtolen.

Mer. Hold, miller, hold!

Fai. O gracious goodneſs! ſure I know this face—Miſs——young Madam Sycamore——Mercy heart, here's a diſguiſe;

The. Diſcover'd!

Mer. Miller, let me ſpeak to you.

The. What ill fortune is this!

Giles. Ill fortune——Miſs! I think there be nothing but croſſes and misfortunes of one kind or other.

Fai. Money to me, ſir! not for the world; you want no friends but what you have already—Lack-a-day, lack-a-day— ſee how luckily I came in: I believe you are the gentleman to whom I am charged to give this, on the part of my lord Aimworth——Bleſs, you, dear ſir, go up to his honour, with my young lady—There is a chaiſe waiting at the door to carry you——I and my daughter will take another way.

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, GILES.

Mer. Pr'ythee read this letter, "and tell me what "you think of it."

The. Heavens, 'tis a letter from lord Aimworth!—We are betrayed.

Mer. By what means I know not.

The. I am ſo frighted and flurried, that I have ſcarce ſtrength enough to read it.

"SIR,

"It is with the greateſt concern I find, that I "have been unhappily the occaſion of giving ſome un-"eaſineſs to you and Miſs Sycamore: be aſſured, had I "been apprized of your prior pretenſions, and the young "lady's diſpoſition in your favour, I ſhould have been "the

" the laſt perſon to interrupt your felicity. I beg, Sir, " you will do me the favour to come up to my houſe, " where I have already ſo far ſettled matters, as to be " able to aſſure you, that every thing will go entirely " to your ſatisfaction."

Mer. Well! what do you think of it!——Shall we go to the caſtle? " Well!———

" *The.* Well!———

" *Mer.* What do you think of it?

" *The.* Nay, what do you think of it?

" *Mer.* Egad, I can't very well tell——However, " on the whole, I believe it would be wrong of us to " proceed any further in our deſign of running away, " even if the thing was practicable.

" *The.* I am entirely of your opinion. I ſwear this " lord Aimworth is a charming man: I fancy 'tis " lucky for you I had not been long enough acquaint- " ed with him to find out all his good qualities.—But " how the deuce came he to hear———

" *Mer.* No matter; after this, there can be nothing " to apprehend———What do you ſay, ſhall we go " up to the caſtle?"

The. By all means! and in this very trim; to ſhow what we were capable of doing, if my father and mother had not come to reaſon.——" But, perhaps, the diffi- " culties being removed, may leſſen your *penchant*, you " men are ſuch unaccountable mortals.—Do you love " me well enough to marry me, without making a " frolic of it;"

" *Mer.* Do I love you!——

" *The.* Ay, and to what degree?

" *Mer.* Why do you aſk me?——

AIR.

" *Who upon the oozy beech,*
" *Can count the num'rous ſands that lie;*
" *Or diſtinctly reckon each*
" *Tranſparent orb that ſtuds the ſky?*

" *As their multitude betray,*
" *And frustrate all attempts to tell:*
" *So 'tis impossible to say*
" *How much I love, I love so well.*"

But hark you, Mervin, will you take after my father, and be a very husband now?—Or don't you think I shall take after my mother, and be a commanding wife!

Mer. Oh, I'll trust you.

The. But you may pay for your confidence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

GILES.

So, there goes a couple! Icod, I believe Old Nick has got among the people in these parts. This is as queer a thing as ever I heard of.———Master Fairfield, and Miss Patty, it seems, are gone to the castle too; where by what I larns from Ralph in the mill, my Lord has promised to get her a husband among the servants. Now set in case the wind sets in that corner, I have been thinking with myself who the plague it can be: there are no unmarried men in the family, that I do know of, excepting little Bob, the postillion, and Master Jonathan, the butler; and he's a matter of sixty or seventy years old. I'll be shot if it be'nt little Bob. ———Icod, I'll take the way to the castle, as well as the rest; for I'd fain see how the nail do drive. It is well I had wit enough to discern things, and a friend to advise with, or else she would have fallen to my lot. ——But I have got a surfeit of going a courting, and burn me if I won't live a bachelor; for, when all comes to all, I see nothing but ill blood and quarrels among folk when they are married.

AIR.

Then hey for a frolicsome life!
I'll ramble where pleasures are rife:
Strike up with the free-hearted lasses;
And never think more of a wife.
Plague on it, men are but asses,
To run after noise and strife,

Had

Had we been together buckl'd.
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair:
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold;
And boys, pointing, cry'd——Look there.

SCENE X.

Changes to a grand Apartment in Lord AIMWORTH'S *House, opening to a View of the Garden.*

Lord AIMWORTH, FAIRFIELD, PATTY, RALPH.

L. Aim. Thus, Master Fairfield, I hope I have fully satisfied you with regard to the falsity of the imputation thrown upon your daughter and me———

Fai. My Lord, I am very well content; pray do not give yourself the trouble of saying any more.

Ral. No, my Lord, you need not say any more.

Fai. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

L. Aim. I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

Pat. I am sorry, my Lord, you have been troubled about it; but really it was against my consent.

Fai. Well, come children, we will not take up his honour's time any longer; let us be going towards home——Heaven prosper your Lordship; the pray'rs of me and my family shall always attend you.

L. Aim. Miller, come back——Patty, stay——

Fai. Has your Lordship any thing further to command us?

L. Aim. Why yes, Master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you——In short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that, since I had been the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

Fai. Your honour is to do as you please.

L. Aim. What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my chusing?

Pat. My Lord, I have no determination; you are the best judge how I ought to act; whatever you command, I shall obey.

L. Aim.

L. Aim. Then, Patty, there is but one perſon I can offer you——and I wiſh, for your ſake, he was more deſerving———Take me———

Pat. Sir!

L. Aim. From this moment our intereſts are one, as our hearts; and no earthly power ſhall ever divide us.

Fai. "O the gracious!" Patty—my Lord—Did I hear right?——You, Sir, you marry a child of mine!

L. Aim. Yes, my honeſt old man, in me you behold the huſband deſigned for your daughter; and I am happy that, by ſtanding in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I ſhall be able to ſet her merit in a light, where its luſtre will be rendered conſpicuous.

Fai. But good, noble Sir, pray conſider; don't go to put upon a ſilly old man: my daughter is unworthy ——Patty, child, why don't you ſpeak?

Pat. What can I ſay, father! what anſwer to ſuch unlook'd-for, ſuch unmerited, ſuch unbounded generoſity!

Ral. Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

Pat. Yes, Sir, as my father ſays, conſider——your noble friends, your relations—It muſt not, cannot be.—

"*L. Aim.* It muſt, and ſhall——Friends! relations! "from henceforth I have none, that will not acknow- "ledge you: and I am ſure, when they become ac- "quainted with your perfections, thoſe, whoſe ſuffrage "I moſt eſteem, will rather admire the juſtice of my "choice, than wonder at its ſingularity."

AIR.

L. Aim. *My life, my joy, my bleſſing,*
In thee, each grace poſſeſſing,
All muſt my choice approve:

Patty. *To you my all is owing;*
O! take a heart o'erflowing
With gratitude and love.

L. Aim. *Thus infolding,*
Thus beholding,

Both.

Both. *One to my ſoul ſo dear:*
Can there be pleaſure greater!
Can there be bliſs completer!
'Tis too much to bear.

SCENE XI.

Enter Sir HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA MERVIN.

S. Har. Well, we have followed your Lordſhip's counſel, and made the beſt of a bad market——So my Lord, pleaſe to know our ſon-in-law, that is to be.

L. Aim. You do me a great deal of honour—I wiſh you joy, Sir, with all my heart.—And now, Sir Harry, give me leave to introduce to you a new relation of mine——This, Sir, is ſhortly to be my wife.

S. Har. My Lord!

L. Syc. Your Lordſhip's wife!

L. Aim. Yes, madam.

L. Syc. And why ſo, my Lord?

L. Aim. Why, faith, madam, becauſe I can't live happy without her——And I think ſhe has too many amiable, too many eſtimable qualities to meet with a worſe fate.

S. Har. Well, but you are a peer of the realm; you will have all the fleerers——

L. Aim. I know very well the ridicule that may be thrown on a Lord's marrying a miller's daughter; and I own, with bluſhes, it has for ſome time had too great weight with me: but we ſhould marry to pleaſe ourſelves, not other people: and, on mature conſideration, I can ſee no reproach juſtly merited, by raiſing a deſerving woman to a ſtation ſhe is capable of adorning, let her birth be what it will.

S. Har. Why 'tis very true, my Lord. I once knew a gentleman that married his cook-maid: he was a relation of my own—You remember fat Margery, my lady! She was a very good ſort of a woman, indeed ſhe was, and made the beſt ſuet dumplings I ever taſted.

L. Syc.

L. Syc. Will you never learn, Sir Harry, to guard your expreſſions?———Well, but give me leave, my Lord, to ſay a word to you——There are other ill conſequences attending ſuch an alliance.

L. Aim. One of them I ſuppoſe is, that I, a peer, ſhould be obliged to call this good old miller father-in-law. But where's the ſhame in that? He is as good as any Lord, in being a man; and if we dare ſuppoſe a Lord that is not an honeſt man, he is, in my opinion, the more reſpectable character. Come, Maſter Fairfield, give me your hand; from henceforth you have done with working; we will pull down your mill, and build you a houſe in the place of it; and the money I intended for the portion of your daughter, ſhall now be laid out in purchaſing a commiſſion for your ſon.

Ral. What, my Lord, will you make me a captain?

L. Aim. Ay, a colonel, if you deſerve it.

Ral. Then I'll keep Fan.

SCENE XII.

Lord AIMWORTH, *Sir* HARRY, *Lady* SYCAMORE, PATTY, THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FAIRFIELD, RALPH, GILES.

Giles. Ods bobs, where am I running—I beg pardon for my audacity.

Ral. Hip, farmer; come back, mon, come back—Sure my Lord's going to marry ſiſter himſelf; feyther's to have a fine houſe, and I'm to be a captain.

L. Aim. Ho, Maſter Giles, pray walk in; here is a lady who, I dare ſwear, will be glad to ſee you, and give orders that you ſhall always be made welcome.

Ral. Yes, farmer, you'll always be welcome in the kitchen.

L. Aim. What, have you nothing to ſay to your old acquaintance———Come, pray let the farmer ſalute you———Nay, a kiſs—I inſiſt upon it.

S. Har. Ha, ha, ha—hem!

L. Syc. Sir Harry, I am ready to ſink at the monſtrouſneſs of your behaviour.

L. Aim.

L. Aim. Fye, Maſter Giles, don't look ſo ſheepiſh; you and I were rivals, but not leſs friends at preſent. You have acted in this affair like an honeſt Engliſhman, who ſcorned even the ſhadow of diſhonour, and thou ſhall ſit rent-free for a twelvemonth.

S. Har. Come, ſhan't we all ſalute——With your leave, my Lord, I'll——

L. Syc. Sir Harry!

AIR.

L. Aim. *Yield who will to forms a martyr,*
While unaw'd by idle ſhame,
Pride for happineſs I barter,
Heedleſs of the millions blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter;
Women grac'd in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

The. *Eas'd of doubts and fears preſaging,*
What new joys within me riſe!
While mamma, her frowns aſſuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize,
So long ſtorms and tempeſts raging,
When the bluſt'ring fury dies,
Ah! how lovely, how engaging,
Proſpects fair, and cloudleſs ſkies!

S. Har. *Dad but this is wond'rous pretty,*
Singing each a roun-de-lay;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I ſcarce know what to ſay.
There's a daughter, briſk and witty;
Here's a wife, can wiſely ſway:
Truſt me, maſters, 'twere a pity,
Not to let them have their way.

Patty. *My example is a rare one;*
But the cauſe may be divin'd:
Women want not merit——dare one
Hope diſcerning men to find.

O! may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind,
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid, and as kind.

Giles. *Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,*
And expos'd for folks to see't,
'Tis as tho' a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.
But my wrongs go unresented,
Since the fates have thought them meet:
This good company contented,
All my wishes are complete.

Finis.

Act 2.
Mrs C. KEMBLE as POLLY.
No pow'r on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath tyd.
Drawn by H. Moses Engrav'd by Chapman
Printed for C. Cooke June 20 1807.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

A COMIC OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As Performed at the Theatres-Royal,

DRURY-LANE & COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By Permiſſion of the Managers.

The Lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted Commas are omitted in the Repreſentation.

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain.

LIFE OF GAY.

JOHN GAY, descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was born in the year 1688. His ancestors once possessed a considerable estate in that county; but as it had been much impaired, he came into the world, according to his own expression in his *Rural Sports*, without any prospect of hereditary wealth.

> "But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
> "Nor brighten'd plough-share on paternal land."

He received his education at the Free School in Barnstaple, under a master of considerable reputation for classical knowledge, from whom he acquired a taste for that branch of learning; but his fortune not admitting of his perseverance in literary pursuits, he was sent to London, and put out an apprentice to a silk-mercer in the Strand. The restraint and servility of his occupation being incompatible with his aspiring genius, he prevailed on his master, for a trifling consideration, to give up his indentures; so that he had leisure to indulge his propensity to poetry, and in a short time produced his *Rural Sports*, a Georgic, printed in 1711, which he inscribed to *Pope*, who was then rising fast into reputation.

The ability he evinced in this production procured him the acquaintance of *Pope*, who was so pleased with his manners and conversation, that he admitted him to the utmost intimacy; and a friendship was formed between them, which continued till their separation by death, without any abatement on either part.

The same year he published in prose *The present State of Wit*, containing a review of the periodical papers of the time, by which he acquired so great a degree of estimation, that he attracted the notice of the Duchess of Monmouth, who the following year appointed him her secretary, with a very liberal stipend. The support he derived from the generosity of his noble patroness afforded him leisure to follow his poetical pursuits; so that in a very short time he published his *Trivia*, or, *The Art of walking the Streets of London*, one of the happiest of his productions in verse. In 1713, when *Steele* began "*The Guardian*," assisted by *Addison*, and other eminent literary characters, he contributed to it Numbers 11 and 149. The same year his Comedy, entitled *The Wife of Bath*, was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, with very little success; nor was it more favourably received on its revival, with alterations, at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, in 1730.

In 1714 he produced *The Shepherd's Week*, in six Pastorals, with a *Proeme*, penned in obsolete language; and a *Prologue*, addressed to *Lord Bolingbroke*, who had then attained to great power with the Tory faction. It was written at the instigation of his friend *Pope*, with a view to degrade the compositions of *A. Philips*, his rival in pastoral poetry; and its merits were so conspicuous, that it obtained great reputation, as a just picture of rural life and manners, amongst those who had no interest in the rivalry between *Pope* and *Philips*.

Such at length was his interest with the leaders of the Tory party, that his patroness, the Duchess of Monmouth, had the pleasure of seeing him removed from her service to the more honourable and profitable employment of Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, on his embassy to the Court of Hanover in the last year of Queen Anne's reign. From this situation he indulged hopes of forming an interest with every party; but his fond expectations vanished with the death of the Queen, and his attachment to the Tory cause precluded him from all favour with the House of Hanover.

In 1715 he brought on the stage a piece, of singular whim and humour, entitled, *The What d'ye Call it?* a tragi-comic pastoral Farce, which was performed with unbounded applause, and honoured with the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The novelty of this mock tragedy, of which the images were so comic, and the action so solemn, had an universal effect, and equally pleased the court and the town; but failed in raising the fortune of the Author.

> "Places he found were daily giv'n away;
> "And yet no friendly gazette mention'd *Gay*."

However, by the affability of his temper, and the sincerity of his disposition, he acquired the esteem of the whole association of wits, and became the companion of characters of the first eminence for rank and abilities. In 1716 he received singular tokens of favor from the Earl of Burlington, and also from Mr. Pultney, of which he made due acknowledgments in extolling the merits of his patrons.

Gay seems, in several instances, to have prostituted both his pen and his name to gratify the vanity or revenge of his friends. In 1717 a Comedy appeared under his name, entitled, *The Three Hours after Marriage*. This piece, which at that time was generally supposed to have been written by the joint efforts of *Pope* and *Arbuthnot*, was driven off the stage with the most striking marks of contempt, from its glaring and invidious personalities, and illiberal reflections on some characters, who, by their conduct or writings, had incurred the displeasure of those friends of *Gay*; for that, through his warm attachment, he so far deviated from the rule of rectitude, as to suffer scandal to be propagated under the sanction of his name.

While he was on a visit to Lord Harcourt, at his seat in Oxfordshire, he perpetuated the memory of two rural lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning, in his letter to *Fenton*, printed among *Pope's* Letters.

In 1720 he published a collection of his Poems, with *Dione*, a Pastoral Tragedy, in quarto, by subscription, which, from the number of his respectable acquaintance, produced him upwards of a thousand pounds. With this sum he was advised by his friends, *Pope* and *Swift*, to purchase an annuity, but he disregarded their counsel.

The same year Mr. Secretary Craggs, having made him a present of some South Sea stock, he fell into the general infatuation of the time, and once indulged the pleasing, but delusive, idea of being master of twenty thousand pounds. Those of his friends who possessed more sagacity than himself, strongly pressed him to sell his share; but he revolted at the thought of obstructing his own fortune. Failing in the first attempt, they importuned him to sell as much as would purchase an hundred pounds a year for life, "which (says *Fenton*) would make you sure of a clean shirt "and a shoulder of mutton every day." But this advice was also rejected; and losing both profit and principal, *Gay* was reduced to such a state of calamity as brought his life into apparent danger. In this languishing condition he removed to Hampstead, where, through the care of his friends, among whom *Pope* and *Arbuthnot* appear to have shewn him particular attention, his health was restored, and resuming his studies, he wrote *The Captives*, a Tragedy, which he was invited to read to the Princess of Wales at Leicester House. On this occasion *Mr. Victor*, in his History of the Stage, relates, that, when the appointed hour came, and *Gay* saw the Princess and her ladies in attendance, all in expectation, advancing with reverence too great for any other attention, "he did not see a low footstool that happened to be near him, and stumbling over it, he fell against a large screen, which he overset, and threw the ladies into no small disorder."

The

The Captives was brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1723, and performed eleven nights with great applause. The Author's third night was by the express command of the Prince and Princess of Wales; so that *Gay* conceived he had ingratiated himself with those illustrious persons, and indulging himself with expectations of preferment, undertook to write Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland, which he published with a Dedication to the Prince in 1726. In some of the Fables he was thought to have been too pointed in his allusions to the Court, particularly in *The Hare with many Friends*, where he described his own dependence on the promises of the great.

Upon the accession of George II. the year following, his patroness became Queen, and he entertained sanguine hopes of some preferment suitable to his inclination and abilities; but, on the settlement of the household, he found himself appointed gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa. By this offer he thought himself insulted; and sent a message to the Queen, that he was too old for the place. Remonstrances and solicitations were afterwards employed in his favour, and flattering verses were addressed to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who was highly in favor with the King and Queen, to engage her interest in his promotion: but remonstrances and solicitations were of no avail, and the flattering verses were thrown away. The public favor, however, made him ample amends for the neglect of the Court; and the pain which he suffered from his private disappointment, may be supposed to have been driven away by the unprecedented, and almost incredible, success of the *Beggar's Opera*, performed at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, in 1727.

When *Gay* was reduced to the utmost extremity, he experienced the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who took him into their family, and treated him with the most affectionate attention during the remaining part of his life. But it is supposed that the discountenance of the Court sunk deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the approbation or tenderness of his friends could overpower. His dejection was soon accompanied by the return of his constitutional distemper, the cholic, which he in vain endeavoured to remove by a journey to the seat of his noble patron in Wiltshire. "My melancholy (he writes to *Pope*) increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper." In the beginning of October, 1732, he became apprehensive of his approaching dissolution. "I begin (says he) to look upon myself as one already dead, and desire, my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, to see these words put upon it, with what else you may think proper.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:
"I thought so once, but now I know it."

He found, in the delightful retirement of his noble friend, many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till he was suddenly seized with an inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, put a period to his life, December 4, 1732, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his noble patrons erected a handsome monument to his memory; and *Pope*, agreeable to his dying request, gave him an epitaph, written with fondness and respect, but apparently with more esteem for his worth than veneration for his talents. The following is the inscription:

Here lies the aſhes of
Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmeſt friend,
The moſt benevolent man;
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumſtances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midſt of a corrupt age;
And that equal ſerenity of mind
Which conſcious goodneſs alone can give
Through the whole courſe of his life.
Favourite of the Muſes,
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refined in taſte,
And fraught with graces all his own,
In various kinds of poetry,
Superior to many,
Inferior to none;
His works continue to inſpire
What his example taught;
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Deteſtation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however diſgraced.

Charles and Catharine, Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſberry, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead, have cauſed this monument to be erected to his memory.

The character of *Gay* ſeems to have been very amiable. He was affable in his temper, generous in his diſpoſition, and pleaſant in his converſation. His chief defect was an exceſſive indolence, without the leaſt degree of economy, which ſubjected him to pecuniary embarraſſments. In the Dunciad, *Pope* ſays, with juſt indignation,

"Gay dies unpenſion'd with an hundred friends."

The eſtimate of the poetical character of *Gay*, as given by *Dr. Johnſon*, is in many inſtances too ſevere to be approved by readers of candour and liberality. But he is ſpoken of by a judicious critic in the following terms: "As a poet, *Gay* is characterized by variety, ſprightlineſs, eaſe, and elegance. His compoſitions are in general more diſtinguiſhed by vivacity, penetration, good ſenſe, and perſpicuity of expreſſion, than by ſublimity, tenderneſs, imagination, and ſtrength, or harmony of numbers." His *Paſtorals*, *Fables*, and *Beggar's Opera*, are the chief foundation of his fame. His Paſtorals ſeem to have the higheſt finiſhing. His Fables have obtained great popularity. The verſification is polished: the apologues, in general, are correct; they poſſeſs originality, wit, and humour; and to theſe is ſuperadded a conſiderable portion of poetical ſpirit. The merits of the Beggar's Opera are univerſally acknowledged. We ſhall not enter upon them here, as we have fully expatiated on them in our Critique on that Piece. Many of his *Tales*, *Epiſtles*, *Eclogues*, *Songs*, &c. are favourites with the public. His Tales and Eclogues unite a conſiderable portion of grace and eaſe, but they are not remarkable for the beauty of their images, or the harmony of their numbers. His Paſtoral Tragedy of *Dione* is claſſical and elegant, but will not greatly entertain, without the proper embelliſhments, acting and muſic. His *Contemplations on Night*, and *Thoughts on Eternity*, merit the higheſt praiſe; and his *Sweet William's Farewell* is one of the moſt popular ballads in the Engliſh language.

CRITIQUE ON THE BEGGAR's OPERA.

AS this is the beſt, ſo it is the firſt, of that ſpecies of dramatic compoſition denominated an Engliſh Opera. Its production has been attributed to two cauſes; the Author's diſappointment in his expectation of court patronage, and the much envied ſanction ſhewn by the great at that time to the Italian Opera. Of the origin and progreſs of this new ſpecies of compoſition, however, we have the following account, founded upon unqueſtionable authority.

It appears that *Gay*, on the ſuggeſtion of *Doctor Swift*, that "a Newgate Paſtoral would make an odd "pretty ſort of a thing," was inclined to make trial of it for ſome time; but afterwards declined the purſuit, conceiving it would be better to write a Comedy on the ſame plan. He therefore commenced on the Beggar's Opera; and when he firſt mentioned it to *Swift*, the Doctor did not much approve of the project. As he carried it on, he ſhewed it to *Pope*, *Arbuthnot*, and *Swift*, who occaſionally hinted a correction, or a word or two of advice: but *Pope* declares that it was wholly of *Gay's* writing.

When the piece was finiſhed, neither of thoſe great critics thought it would ſucceed. It was ſhewn to *Congreve*, the firſt comic writer of the age, who, after reading it, ſaid, "it would either take greatly, or be damned "confoundedly." The piece was firſt offered to *Cibber*, and his partners in Drury Lane Theatre, and rejected. It was then preſented to *Rich*, acted at his Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and had the effect, as was ludicrouſly expreſſed, of making Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Swift, *Pope*, and the whole aſſociation of the wits of that day, were preſent at the firſt performance of their friend's Opera, in very great uncertainty of the event; till they were greatly encouraged by overhearing the *Duke of Argyle*, who ſat in the next box to them, ſay, "It will do; I ſee it in the eyes of them." This was

ſome time before the firſt act was over; ſo that *Gay's* friends were ſoon relieved from their anxiety, as they were well aſſured not only of the Noble Duke's own good taſte, but of his acuteneſs in diſcerning that of the public. His preſage of ſucceſs was ſoon confirmed; for the approbation of the audience appeared ſtronger and ſtronger every act, and ended in a ſhout of applauſe.

This Opera, beſides being acted in London ſixty-three times without intermiſſion, and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſe, ſpread through all the principal cities and towns in England, and was performed at Bath, Briſtol, and other places the fiftieth and fortieth time. It alſo made its progreſs into Scotland and Ireland, where it had a run of twenty-four nights. The ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The fame of this piece was not confined to the Author only. The perſon who acted Polly, (Miſs Fenton, afterwards Ducheſs of Bolton,) till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town: her portrait was engraved, and had a moſt extenſive ſale; her life was written; letters and verſes were addreſſed to her; and her ſayings and jeſts were recorded in pamphlets. Pope furthermore obſerves, that it drove out of England (for that ſeaſon) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. In 1760 it was performed at Covent Garden more than forty nights, when *Miſs Brent*, a pupil of Doctor Arne's, afterwards Mrs. Pinto, made her appearance in the character of Polly.

Of the Beggar's Opera, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinions of its readers. *Swift* commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece that, "by a turn of humour entirely new, placed all kinds of vice in the ſtrongeſt and moſt odious light." *Dr. Herring*, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury, cenſured it, as giving encouragement not only to vice, but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and diſmiſſing him at laſt unpuniſhed. Both theſe deciſions are, perhaps, exaggerated. Swift, from his turn for ſatire and ſarcaſm, might be

disposed to over-rate its moral tendency; and the other very respectable Divine, of a graver cast, might be inclined to censure some particular parts with a degree of harshness not entirely compatible with candour. Several magistrates, indeed, have given their sanction to the opinion of Dr. Herring, in affirming, that, after the exhibition of the Beggar's Opera, the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied. A late Magistrate, resident in the purlieus of Covent Garden, sent a card to the Manager of the Theatre, requesting him to discontinue the occasional introduction of the Beggar's Opera; adverting, at the same time, to its immoral tendency. The Manager, in reply, assured the worthy Magistrate, that the moment he suppressed certain practices in his vicinity, the Beggar's Opera should be withdrawn. But the validity of the censure of the Reverend Divine, as well as the opinion of the worthy Magistrates, will be questioned by the candid and judicious, if they advert to the interview that takes place at the end of the Opera between the Beggar and the Player, in order to reconcile the audience to the seeming absurdity, or rather impropriety, of restoring the hero in triumph to his wives, and thereby frustrating the design of exemplary justice. In this scene the Beggar, (or Poet,) in answer to the Player's interrogatory, informs him, that Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, he observes, the audience must suppose they were all either hanged or transported: but, on the Player's pointing out to him, "that this would be a downright deep tragedy, and that the catastrophe was manifestly wrong, as an Opera must end happily," the Poet, convinced of the propriety of this remark, as well as desirous of obviating the indecent exhibition of a public execution on the stage, brings off his hero by means of a reprieve, and conforms to the rule of the drama, by an happy conclusion of his piece.

It has been affirmed, that the characters of this Opera are low and vicious: but they are such as they should be according to the strictest laws of the drama, whose province is to "hold the mirror up to nature," to re-

preſent characters as they are, not as they ought to be. Beſides, the deſign of the Opera is to expoſe the vices and follies of the higher orders of ſociety, by aſſimilating them to thoſe of the lower, agreeably to the Poet's obſervation, that, "through the whole piece you may obſerve ſuch a ſimilitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether in the faſhionable vices the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen." The mind may be as ſtrongly impreſſed by the deformity of vice as by the beauty of virtue; ſo that, by a natural repreſentation of the effects of each, the exhibitions of the ſtage may be rendered as powerful diſſuaſives from the one, as incentives to the other. When the reaſoning of the philoſopher, or the admonition of the divine, fail in effect, men may be laughed or laſhed out of their vices and follies by the ridicule and ſeverity of the Comic Muſe; and it would be lamentable, indeed, to reflect, that a work, replete with the fineſt ſtrokes of humour, ſhould be productive of thoſe ills to ſociety which ſome have attributed to its repreſentation; or that obnoxious characters cannot be diſplayed in their true colours, without having a baneful influence on the minds of men, to imitate thoſe practices they are deſigned to expoſe.

This Opera, in ſatire, wit, plot, and execution, infinitely ſurpaſſes any other of a ſimilar kind. The dialogue and ſongs abound with the keeneſt ſatire and moſt pointed ſarcaſm; not a ſentence either in verſe or proſe flags throughout the piece. The airs poſſeſs an admirable degree of ſimplicity, which is the genuine characteriſtic of dramatic excellence, and are moſt happily adapted to impreſs the ſentiments of which they are the organs of conveyance. Indeed, it may be ſaid, with the ſtricteſt propriety, that the words are ſuited to the ſubjects, and the tunes to the words. In fine, the Beggar's Opera, through its united perfections, has ever evinced its merit by its popularity, and will hold a ſuper-eminent rank in the Britiſh Drama, while judgment is directed by ſound ſenſe, acute diſcernment, and extenſive experience.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

Beggar.

IF poverty be a title to poetry, I am ſure nobody can diſpute mine. I own myſelf of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly feſtivals at St. Giles's. I have a ſmall yearly ſalary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I pleaſe, which is more than moſt poets can ſay.

Play. As we live by the Muſes, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muſes, contrary to all other ladies, pay no diſtinction to dreſs, and never partially miſtake the pertneſs of embroidery for wit, nor the modeſty of want for dullneſs. Be the author who he will, we puſh his play as far as it will go: ſo (though you are in want) I wiſh you ſucceſs heartily.

Beg. This Piece, I own, was originally written for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two moſt excellent ballad-ſingers. I have introduced the ſimilies that are in all your celebrated operas, The Swallow, The Moth, The Bee, The Ship, The Flower, *&c.* Beſides, I have a priſon ſcene, which the the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have obſerved ſuch a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impoſſible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like thoſe in vogue; for I have no recitative, excepting this. As I have conſented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it muſt be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The Piece, indeed, hath been heretofore frequently repreſented by ourſelves in our great room at St. Giles's, ſo that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the ſtage.

Play. But I ſee it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture.

[*Exeunt.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Macheath	Mr. Kelly.
Peachum	Mr. Aickin.
Lockit	Mr. Wewitzer.
Filch	Mr. Suett.
Mat of the Mint	Mr. Cooke.
Ben Budge	Mr. Burton.
Jemmy Twitcher	Mr. Webbe.
Harry Paddington	Mr. Evans.
Crook finger'd Jack	Mr. Lyons.
Beggar	Omitted.
Player	Ditto.

Women.

Polly Peachum	Mrs. Crouch.
Lucy Lockit	Mrs. Bland.
Mrs. Peachum	Miſs Tidſwell.
Diana Trapes	Mrs. Booth.
Mrs. Coaxer	Mrs. Edwards.
Dolly Trull	Mrs. Hale.
Mrs. Vixen	Mrs. Benſon.
Jenny Diver	Miſs Heard.
Mrs. Slammekin	Miſs Barnes.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Macheath	Mr. Incledon.
Peachum	Mr. Powel.
Lockit	Mr. Davenport.
Filch	Mr. Simmons.
Mat of the Mint	Mr. Haynes.
Ben Budge	Mr. Street.
Jemmy Twitcher	Mr. Follett.
Robin of Bagſhot	Mr. Ledger.
Nimming Ned	Mr. Curties.
Harry Paddington	Mr. Abbot.
Beggar	Omitted.
Player	Ditto.

Women.

Polly Peachum	Mrs. Mountain.
Lucy Lockit	Mrs. Martyr.
Mrs. Peachum	Mrs. Davenport.
Diana Trapes	Omitted.
Mrs. Coaxer	Mrs. Norton.
Dolly Trull	Mrs. Curties.
Mrs. Vixen	Mrs. Follett.
Jenny Diver	Miſs Stuart.
Mrs. Slammekin	Mrs. Platt.
Betty Doxey	Mrs. Lloyd.
Molly Brazen	Miſs Lefevre.

THE BEGGAR's OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, PEACHUM's *House.*

PEACHUM *ſitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR.

An old woman clothed in gray.

THRO' all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuſes his brother;
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife,
All profeſſions berogue one another:
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

A lawyer's is an honeſt employment, ſo is mine; like me too he acts in a double capacity, both againſt rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we ſhould protect and encourage cheats, ſince we live by 'em.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath ſent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and ſhe hopes you will order matters ſo as to bring her off.

Peach. Why ſhe may plead her belly at worſt; to my knowledge ſhe hath taken care of that ſecurity: but, as the wench is very active and induſtrious, you may ſatisfy her that I'll ſoften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand—This is death without reprieve; I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll ſave her from tranſportation, for I can get more by her ſtaying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock this year than any five of the gang, and in truth 'tis pity to loſe ſo good a cuſtomer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, ſhe may in the common courſe of buſineſs live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'ſcape. A good ſportſman always lets the hen partridges fly, becauſe the breed of the game depends upon them. Beſides, here the law allows us no reward. There is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without diſpute ſhe is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. (To ſay a bold word.) She hath trained up more young fellows to the buſineſs than the gaming table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy obſervation is right. We and the ſurgeons are more beholden to women than all the profeſſions beſides.

AIR.

The bonny gray-ey'd morn, *&c.*

Filch. *'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind;*
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And Beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haſte to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them eaſy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in ſuſpenſe, penitence may break his ſpirit ever after. Beſides, cer-

tainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A registrer of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crook-finger'd Jack, a year and a half in the service: let me see how much the stock owes to his industry: one, two, three, four, five, gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat. Dreary, alias Brown Will; an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington; a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! That fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat. of the Mint, listed not above a month ago; a promising sturdy-fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tipple; a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself or to make others stand! a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty—

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear! he's a favourite customer of mine: 'twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have ſet his name down in the black-liſt, that's all, my dear! He ſpends his life among women, and, as ſoon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds loſt to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear! I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave thoſe affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in theſe caſes, for they are ſo partial to the brave, that they think every man handſome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR.

Cold and raw, *&c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Tho' ſhe be never ſo ugly,
Lilies and roſes will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous ſmugly.
Beneath the left ear ſo fit but a cord,
(A rope ſo charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

But really, huſband, you ſhould not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver ſet of men than at preſent. We have not had a murder among them all theſe ſeven months; and truly, my dear! that is a great bleſſing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worſe for killing a man in his own defence; and if buſineſs cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you muſt excuſe me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-ſcrupulous conſcience.

Peach. Murder is as faſhionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to perſuade the jury to Bring it in Manſlaughter, what are they the worſe for it? So, my dear! have done upon this ſubject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank-notes he left with you laſt week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear, and, though the bank hath ſtopt payment, he was ſo cheerful and ſo agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! If he comes from Bagſhot at any reaſonable hour, he hath promiſed to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate houſes are his undoing. The man that propoſes to get money by play ſhould have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am ſorry upon Polly's account the Captain hath not more diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any ſkill in the ways of women, I am ſure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be ſo mad to have the wench marry him? Gameſters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor girl! I'm in the utmoſt concern about her.

AIR.

Why is your faithful ſlave diſdain'd?
If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life
She's—what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, wife, a handſome wench, in our way of buſineſs, is as profitable as at the bar of a

Temple coffee-houſe, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You ſee I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but marriage: after that, my dear, how ſhall we be ſafe? are we not then in her huſband's power? for the huſband hath the abſolute power over all a wife's ſecrets but her own. If the girl had the diſcretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen of young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I ſhould not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a ſpark will at once ſet her in a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, ſure ſhe knows her own pleaſure better than to make herſelf a property! My daughter to me ſhould be like a court-lady to a miniſter of ſtate, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear! you may injure the girl: ſhe loves to imitate the fine ladies, and ſhe may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of intereſt.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl againſt her ruin, and to inſtruct her how to make the moſt of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and ſift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of theſe dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can diſpoſe of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my huſband! Why muſt our Polly forſooth differ from her ſex, and love only her huſband? and why muſt Polly's marriage, contrary to all obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR.

Of all the ſimple things we do, &c.
A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the mint.

A wife's like a guinea in gold
Stampt with the name of her ſpouſe,
Now here, now there, is bought or is ſold,
And is current in ev'ry houſe.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, Filch. "I am as fond of this child as tho' my mind miſgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler." If an unlucky ſeſſion does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory. Where was your poſt laſt night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera, Madam; and, conſidering 'twas neither dark or rainy, ſo that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones, I ſee. They are of ſure ſale from our warehouſe at Redriff among the ſeamen.

Filch. And this ſnuff box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forced to make my eſcape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth, ſo that every now and then, ſince I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to ſea.

Mrs. Peach. You ſhould go to Hockley-in-the Hole and to Marybone, child, to learn valour: theſe are the ſchools that have bred ſo many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the firſt fact I'll enſure thee from being hanged; and going to ſea, Filch, will come time enough upon a ſentence of tranſportation. But now ſince you have nothing better to do, even go to your book, and learn your catechiſm; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's paper, who cannot give a ſatis-

factory anſwer to his queſtions. But hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar: do you know of any thing that hath paſt between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't aſk me; for I muſt either tell a lie to you or to Miſs Polly, for I promiſed her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned——

Filch. I ſhall lead a ſad life with Miſs Polly if ever ſhe come to know that I told you. Beſides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my huſband and Polly. Come, Filch, you ſhall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole ſtory. I'll give thee a glaſs of a moſt delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the moſt of myſelf and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though ſhe hath never been at court or at an aſſembly: we have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath ſome trifling liberties, I have this watch, and other viſible marks of his favour to ſhow for it. A girl who cannot grant ſome things, and refuſe what it is moſt material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and ſoon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.

What ſhall I do to ſhow how much I love her?

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd, 't is no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 't is ſent, (as yet ſweet,)
There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not againſt your toying and trifling with a cuſtomer in the way of buſineſs, or to get out a ſecret or ſo; but if I find out that you have play'd the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, huſſy. Now you know my mind.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

AIR.

O London is a fine town.

Mrs. PEACHUM [*in a very great paſſion.*]

Our Polly is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we have taught her;
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For ſhe muſt have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to ſwell her pride,
With ſcarfs and ſtays, and gloves and lace, and ſhe'll have men beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſt with care and coſt, all-tempting, fine and gay,
As men ſhould ſerve a cucumber, ſhe flings herſelf away.

You baggage! you huſſy! you inconſiderate jade! had you been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do ſuch a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, huſband.

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will riſk any thing for money: to be ſure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I ſhould have lived comfortably ſo long together if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. Peach. I knew ſhe was always a proud ſlut; and now the wench hath played the fool and married, becauſe forſooth ſhe would do like the gentry. Can you ſupport the expence of a huſband, huſſy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who ſhall ſquander moſt? There are not many huſbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handſome way. If you muſt be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a high-

wayman? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all: they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR.

Grim king of the ghosts, *&c.*

Polly. *Can love be controll'd by advice?*
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Tho' my heart was as frozen as ice,
At his flame 't would have melted away.
When he kiss me, so sweetly he press,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I am distracted! I can't support myself—Oh! [*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out and returns with it.*

Ah, hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, Sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shows such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR.

O Jenny, O Jenny! where hast thou been.
O Polly! you might have toy'd and kist;
By keeping men off you keep them on.
Polly. *But he so teas'd me,*
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy: I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my ſorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely ſpeech in troth for a wench who is juſt married!

AIR.

Thomas, I cannot, *&c.*

Polly. *I like a ſhip in ſtorms was toſt,*
Yet afraid to put into land;
For ſeiz'd in the port the veſſel's loſt
Whoſe treaſure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expreſſion!
Thus ſafe aſhore
I aſk no more;
My all's in my poſſeſſion.

Peach. I hear cuſtomers in t'other room; go talk with them, Polly, but come again as ſoon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 't is the gentleman who was here yeſterday about the repeating watch, ſay, you believe we can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the ſilver-hilted ſword, you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tueſday night, ſo that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your paſſion run away with your ſenſes: Polly, I grant you, hath done a raſh thing.

Mrs. Peach. If ſhe had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very beſt families have excuſed and huddled up a frailty of that ſort. 'Tis marriage, huſband, that makes it a blemiſh.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a ſpot or a ſtain but what it can take out. A rich rogue, now-a-days, is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not ſuch a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very ſenſible, huſband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he ſhould die in a ſeſſion or two, Polly's dower would come into diſpute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be conſidered.

AIR.

A ſoldier and a ſailor.

A fox may ſteal your hens, Sir,
A whore your health and pence, Sir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, Sir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, Sir,
A thief your goods and plate;
But this is all but picking,
With reſt, peace, cheſt, and chicken:
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to thoſe in our way; they don't care that any body ſhould get a clandeſtine livelihood but themſelves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned; he brought in a damaſk window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of ſilver candleſticks, a periwig, and one ſilk ſtocking, from the fire that happen'd laſt night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and ſaves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters muſt not be as they are. You are married then it ſeems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propoſe to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, Sir, upon the induſtry of my huſband.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a ſoldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow?

Polly. But I love him, Sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole ſcheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable eſtate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's ſpirits. Where is the woman who would ſcruple to be a wife, if ſhe had it in her power to be a widow whenever ſhe pleaſed? If you have any views of this ſort, Polly, I ſhall think the match not ſo very unreaſonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I muſt beg you to explain yourſelf.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next ſeſſions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fy, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing ſooner or later muſt happen, I dare ſay the Captain himſelf would like that we ſhould get the reward for his death ſooner than a ſtranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, ſo't is ours to take robbers; every man in his buſineſs: ſo that there is no malice in the caſe.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, huſband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.

Now ponder well, ye parents dear.
Polly. *Oh ponder well! be not ſevere;*
So ſave a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, huſſy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for ſuch an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him.

AIR.

Le printemps rappelle aux armes.
The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove;
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the fool in love in earneſt then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a ſhame to thy very ſex.

Polly. But hear me, mother—if you ever lov'd——

Mrs. Peach. Thoſe curſed play-books ſhe reads have been her ruin. One word more, huſſy, and I ſhall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of miſchief, and conſider of what is propoſed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, huſſy. Hang your huſband, and be dutiful. [*Polly liſtening.*] The thing, huſband, muſt and ſhall be done. For the ſake of intelligence we muſt take other meaſures, and have him peach'd the next ſeſſion without her conſent. If ſhe will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I conſider his perſonal bravery, his fine ſtratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I cannot find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wiſh you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a caſe of neceſſity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we muſt comply with the cuſtoms of the world, and make gratitude give way to intereſt. —He ſhall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed.—Methinks I ſee him already in the cart, ſweeter and more lovely than the noſegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his reſolution and intrepidity!—What vollies of ſighs are ſent from the windows of Holborn, that ſo comely a youth ſhould be brought to diſgrace!—I ſee him at the tree!—the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himſelf heſitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to loſe his fee by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their deſign, and aid him in his eſcape.—It ſhall be ſo.——But then he flies, abſents himſelf, and I bar myſelf from his dear, dear converſation! that too will diſtract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he ſtays, he is hang'd, and then he is loſt for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room till the duſk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this inſtant let him out, leſt ſome accident ſhould prevent him. [*Exit, and returns with Macheath.*

AIR.

Pretty parrot, ſay, *&c.*

Mac. *Pretty Polly, ſay,*
When I was away
Did your fancy never ſtray
To ſome newer lover?

Polly. *Without diſguiſe,*
Heaving ſighs,
Doting eyes,
My conſtant heart diſcover.
Fondly let me loll.

Mac. *O pretty, pretty Poll!*

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suſpect my honour, my courage, ſuſpect any thing but my love.—May my piſtols miſs fire, and my mare ſlip her ſhoulder while I am purſued, if I ever forſake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reaſon to doubt you, for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever falſe in love.

AIR.

Pray fair one be kind.

Mac. *My heart was so free*
It rov'd like the bee
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r's united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR.

Over the hills and far away.

Mac. *Were I laid on Greenland's coast,*
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Polly. *Were I sold on Indian soil,*
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

Mac. *And I would love you all the day,*

Polly. *Ev'ry night would kiss and play,*

Mac. *If with me you'd fondly stray*

Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee: thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR.

Gin thou wert my ain thing.

Polly. *O what pain it is to part!*
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But left death my love ſhould thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiſs, and then—one kiſs——Begone——Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, are ſo riveted to thine, that I cannot looſe my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I ſhould loſe the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Muſt I then go?

Polly. And will not abſence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me ſtay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when ſafety will give you leave, you will be ſure to ſee me again, for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR.

O the broom, *&c.*

[*Parting, and looking back at each other with fondneſs, he at one door, ſhe at the other.*]

Mac. *The miſer thus a ſhilling ſees*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. *The boy thus, when his ſparrow's flown,*
The bird in ſilence eyes,
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT OF THE MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the reſt of the gang, at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.*

Ben. BUT pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not ſeen him ſince my from return tranſportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and ſo clever made a fellow he was that I could not ſave him from thoſe flaying raſcals the ſurgeons, and now, poor man, he is among the otamys at Surgeons'-hall.

Ben. So it ſeems his time was come.

Jem. But the preſent time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more diſhoneſt than the reſt of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conqueſt.

Crook. Where ſhall we find ſuch another ſet of practical philoſophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Rob. Of tried courage and indefatigable induſtry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Har. Who is there here that would betray him for his intereſt?

Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can ſay as much.

Ben. We are for a juſt partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the ſuperfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it. Theſe are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make uſe of?

Jem. Our ſeveral ſtations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glaſſes.

AIR.

Fill ev'ry glaſs, *&c.*

Mat. *Fill ev'ry glaſs, for wine inſpires us,*
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine ſhould life employ;
Is there ought elſe on earth deſirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glaſs,* &c.

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony I beg you.

Mat. We were juſt breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, Sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the ſtage-coachmen, in the way of friendſhip and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be paſſengers upon the weſtern road who are worth ſpeaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but——

Mat. But what, Sir?

Mac. Is there any man who ſuſpects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witneſſes of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be anſwerable for it.

Mac. In the diviſion of our booty, have I ever ſhewn the leaſt marks of avarice or injuſtice?

Mat. By theſe queſtions ſomething ſeems to have ruffled you. Are any of us ſuſpected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour, and as ſuch I value and reſpect you. Peachum is a man that is uſeful to us.

Mat. Is he about to ſhew us any foul play? I'll ſhoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and diſcretion. A piſtol is your laſt reſort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Buſineſs cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a neceſſary agent to

us. We have had a ſlight difference, and till it is accommodated, I ſhall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill conſequence to my friends. You muſt continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break looſe from him our gang is ruined.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I never can do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or ſo will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your inſtructions ſhall be obſerved. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our ſeveral duties; ſo till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I ſhall wiſh myſelf with you. Succeſs attend you. [*Sits down melancholy at the table.*

AIR.

March in Rinaldo with drums and trumpets.

Mat. *Let us take the road.*
Hark! I hear the ſound of coaches;
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms brave boys and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chymiſts toil like aſſes,
Our fire their fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[*The gang, ranged in the front of the ſtage, load their piſtols, and ſtick them under their girdles, then go off ſinging the firſt part in chorus.*]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is moſt confoundedly bit. I love the ſex; and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the ſword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.

Would you have a young virgin, *&c.*

If the heart of a man is depreſs'd with cares,
The miſt is diſpell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly
Raiſes the ſpirits and charms our ears.
Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips are more ſweet than thoſe;
Preſs her,
Careſs her:
With bliſſes
Her kiſſes
Diſſolve us in pleaſure and ſoft repoſe.

I muſt have women! there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not ſo ſtrong a cordial for the time—Drawer,

Enter DRAWER.

is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute: but you know, Sir, you ſent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure, ſome of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will ſhew them up. Coming, coming! [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, *Mrs.* VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, *Mrs.* SLAMMEKIN, SUKEY TAWDRY, *and* MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs Coaxer! you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.——Dolly Trull! kiſs me, you ſlut! are you as amorous as ever, huſſy? you are always ſo taken up with ſtealing hearts, that you don't allow yourſelf time to ſteal any thing elſe: ah, Dolly! thou will ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen!

I'm your's; I always loved a woman of wit and ſpirit; they make charming miſtreſſes, but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxey! come hither, huſſy; do you drink as hard as ever? you had better ſtick to good wholeſome beer, for in troth, Betty, ſtrong waters will in time ruin your conſtitution: you ſhould leave thoſe to your betters.——What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever ſo high bred, hath a more ſanctified look with a more miſchievous heart: ah, thou art a dear artful hypocrite!——Mrs. Slammekin! as careleſs and genteel as ever: all you fine ladies who know your own beauty affect an undreſs.—But ſee! here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was ſaying; every thing ſhe gets one way ſhe lays out upon her back: why, Sukey, you muſt keep at leaſt a dozen tallymen.——Molly Brazen! [*She kiſſes him.*] "that's well done; I love a free-hearted wench; thou "haſt a moſt agreeable aſſurance, girl, and art as "willing as a turtle.—But hark! I hear muſic: the "harper is at the door. If muſic be the food of love, "play on." Ere you ſeat yourſelves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was ſo fond of. "[*A dance* à la ronde *in the French manner: near the end of it this ſong and chorus.*]"

AIR.

Cotillon.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r deſpis'd in decay.

Chorus. *Youth's the ſeaſon*, &c.

Let us drink and sport to day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring. [Chorus.

Mac. Now pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow. [*Pays the harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine. [*Exit harper.*] If any of the ladies chuse gin, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jen. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink strong waters but when I have the cholic.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! Why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Coax. We have so many interlopers; yet with industry one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flowered lutestring and a piece of black padesoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake: she riveted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam!——But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts, indeed, who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver: though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman.

Jen. I never go to the tavern with a man but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort

of men for my pleaſure: but had I your addreſs, Madam——

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not ſo fond of me, Jenny, as you uſed to be.

Jen. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to ſhew my fondneſs among ſo many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR.

All in a miſty morning.

Before the barn-door, crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended;
Then one he ſingles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do agen?

Mac. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear ſlut!

Trull. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'n't been ſo long upon the Town but I have met with ſome good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the queſtion; 'twas only in the way of converſation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handſomely with my laſt friend; but upon his miſſing five guineas he turned me off. Now I never ſuſpected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your beſt ſort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew, and bating their religion, to women they are a good ſort of people.

Tawd. Now, for my part, I own I like an old fellow, for we always make them pay for what they cannot do.

Vix. A ſpruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely: I have ſent at leaſt two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

Jen. But to be ſure, Sir, with ſo much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you muſt be grown immenſely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me juſtice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

AIR.

When once I lay with another man's wife, *&c.*

Jen. *The gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gipſies, if once they can finger a louſe,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger.

A man of courage ſhould never put any thing to the riſk but his life. Theſe are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his piſtol, Tawdry takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your hand. Beſides your loſs of money, 'tis a loſs to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Wanton huſſies!

Jen. I muſt and will have a kiſs to give my wine a zeſt.

[*They take him about the neck, and make ſigns to Peachum and Conſtables, who ruſh in upon him.*]

Peach. I ſeize you, Sir, as my priſoner.

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can truſt them? beaſts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your caſe, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greateſt heroes have been ruined by women. But to do them juſtice, I muſt own they are a pretty ſort of

creatures if we could truſt them. You muſt now, Sir, take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a viſit, they will be ſure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Conſtables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR.

When firſt I laid ſiege to my Chloris.

Mac. *At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,*
At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure.
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I ſhall find no ſuch furies as theſe are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning ſhall be diſcharged.

[*Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Conſtables; the women remain.*]

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all aſſiſting, we ought all to ſhare alike.

Coax. I think Mr. Peachum, after ſo long an acquaintance, might have truſted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am ſure at leaſt three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me juſtice,) ſhould be ſet down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair; for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me: as for any thing elſe, ladies, you cannot in conſcience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impoſſible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be ſaved, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then I muſt ſtay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt, with great ceremony.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LOCKIT, *Turnkeys*, MACHEATH, *and Constables.*

Lock. Noble Captain! you are welcome; you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the cuſtom, Sir; garniſh, Captain, garniſh. Hand me down thoſe fetters there.

Mac. Thoſe, Mr. Lockit, ſeem to be the heavieſt of the whole ſet. With your leave I ſhould like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fitteſt for our priſoners. When a gentleman uſes me with civility, I always do the beſt I can to pleaſe him.—Hand them down, I ſay.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Mac. I underſtand you, Sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are ſo many and ſo exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handſomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Thoſe I ſee will fit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them, Sir.—Never was better work—how genteelly they are made!—They will ſit as eaſy as a glove, and the niceſt man in England might not be aſhamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the beſt gentleman in the land in my cuſtody I could not equip him more handſomely. And ſo, Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* LOCKIT, *Turnkeys, and Conſtables.*

AIR.

Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.

Mac. *Man may eſcape from rope and gun;*
Nay, ſome have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.

The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myſelf! Here muſt I (all day long till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the cuſtody of her father, and to be ſure if he knows of the matter I ſhall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.——But I promiſed the wench marriage.——What ſignifies a promiſe to a woman? does not man in marriage itſelf promiſe a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promiſe as an excuſe for following their own inclinations——But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her——would I were deaf.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. You baſe man you!—how can you look me in the face after what hath paſt between us?—See here, perfidious wretch! how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—Oh, Macheath! thou haſt robbed me of my quiet—to ſee thee tortured would give me pleaſure.

AIR.

A lovely laſs to a friar came.

Thus when a good huswife ſees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleaſure her heart goes pit a pat
In revenge for her loſs of bacon;
Then ſhe throws him
To the dog or cat
To be worried, cruſh'd and ſhaken.

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear Lucy! to ſee a huſband in theſe circumſtances?

Lucy. A huſband!

Mac. In every reſpect but the form, and that, my dear! may be ſaid over us at any time.—Friends ſhould not inſiſt upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruined.

AIR.

'Twas when the ſea was roaring.

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and reſt?
Whoever ſteals a ſhilling,
Thro' ſhame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjur'd villain
With boaſts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very firſt opportunity, my dear! (have but patience,) you ſhall be my wife in whatever manner you pleaſe.

Lucy. Inſinuating monſter! And ſo you think I know nothing of the affair of Miſs Polly Peachum?——I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you cannot be ſuch a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute you?

Mac. Married! very good! The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the houſe, I chat with the girl, I kiſs her, I ſay a thouſand things to her, (as all gentlemen do that mean nothing,) to divert myſelf; and now the ſilly jade hath ſet it about that I am married to her, to let me know what ſhe would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! theſe violent paſſions may be of ill conſequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your aſſurance, you know that Miſs Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the juſtice you promiſed me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her paſſion ſuggeſts. To convince you of my ſincerity, if we

can find the Ordinary I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly.

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR.

The sun had loosed his weary teams.

The first time at the looking glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after:
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger,
But, alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands, for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—Perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honest woman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PEACHUM *and* LOCKIT, *with an account-book.*

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution.—But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly ſtated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we ſhould hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly ſave theirs without being paid for it? Unleſs the people in employment pay better, I promiſe them for the future I ſhall let other rogues live beſides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid theſe matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profeſſion were not reputable.

Peach. In one reſpect indeed our employment may be reckoned diſhoneſt, becauſe, like great ſtateſmen, we encourage thoſe who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where elſe might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.

How happy are we, *&c.*

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe,
Each cries——That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I ſee: ſure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's caſe, for he told me, in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promiſed him a ſeſſion or two longer without moleſtation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the firſt time my honour was ever called in queſtion.

Peach. Buſineſs is at an end—if once we act diſhonourably.

Lock. Who accuſes me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—And this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, sirrah—who have sav'd you from the gallows, sirrah! [*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an errant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!——

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know, we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCY.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love, one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman: 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much

as to affect ſorrow upon theſe occaſions. No woman would ever marry if ſhe had not the chance of mortality for a releaſe. Act like a woman of ſpirit, huſſy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.

Of a noble race was Shenkin.

Lucy. *Is then his fate decreed, Sir?*
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When firſt we met ſo moves me yet,
Oh! ſee how my heart is ſplitting.

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—there is no ſaving him—ſo I think you muſt even do like other widows—buy yourſelf weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.

You'll think ere many days enſue
This ſentence not ſevere;
I hang your huſband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife go moan over your dying huſband: that, child, is your duty.—Conſider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—ſo make yourſelf as eaſy as you can by getting all you can from him.

[*Exit.*

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear! you will upon the firſt opportunity quiet my ſcruples.—Oh, Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be ſoftened, and I am in the utmoſt deſpair.

Mac. But if I could raiſe a ſmall ſum—would not twenty guineas think you move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of buſineſs the perquiſite is the moſt prevailing.——Your father's perquiſites for the eſcape of priſoners muſt amount to a conſiderable ſum in the year. Money well-timed, and properly applied, will do any thing.

AIR.

London ladies.

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—Oh let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death——no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR.

All in the Downs, *&c.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the sash is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay
Without sits pining for th' event;
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy averſion to me, too ſeverely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous huſband!

Lucy. Hadſt thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too.—If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreaſonable requeſt (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above ſeven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? haſt thou two wives, monſter?

Mac. If womens' tongues can ceaſe for an anſwer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Fleſh and blood cannot bear my uſage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own?—Juſtice bids me ſpeak?

AIR.

Have you heard of a frolickſome ditty.
Mac. *How happy could I be with either,*
Where t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teaſe me together,
To neither a word will I ſay,
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear! there ought to be ſome preference ſhewn to a wife; at leaſt ſhe may claim the appearance of it. He muſt be diſtracted with his misfortunes, or he could not uſe me thus.

Lucy. Oh, villain! villain! thou haſt deceived me.—I could even inform againſt thee with pleaſure.—Not a prude wiſhes more heartily to have facts againſt her intimate acquaintance, than I now wiſh to have facts againſt thee. I would have her ſatisfaction, and they ſhould all out.

AIR.

Iriſh Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. ——— *I'm bubbled.*

Polly. *Oh how I am troubled!*
Lucy. *Bamboozled and bit!*
Polly. ——— *My diſtreſſes are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, ſhould the hangman refuſe,*
Theſe fingers with pleaſure could faſten the nooſe.
Polly. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me deſperate with you in caſe I get off. If I am hanged, ſhe would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a diſpute of this ſort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in diſowning me?

Mac. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in perſuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miſs Peachum, you but expoſe yourſelf: beſides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumſtances.

AIR.

Polly. *Ceaſe your funning,*
Force or cunning
Never ſhall my heart trepan:
All theſe ſallies
Are but malice
To ſeduce my conſtant man.
'Tis moſt certain
By their flirting
Women oft' have envy ſhown,
Pleas'd to ruin
Others' wooing,
Never happy in their own!

Decency, Madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourſelf with ſome reſerve with the huſband while his wife is preſent.

Mac. But ſeriouſly, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, Madam; and my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR.

Good-morrow, gossip Joan.

Lucy. *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus must chatter,
And are for slinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt?

Polly. *Why, how now, saucy jade?*
Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench! Ah, hussy, hussy!—Come you home, you slut; and, when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my prisoner now, hussy.

AIR.

Irish howl.

Polly. *No pow'r on earth can e'er divide*
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true-love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amboreh—Oh, oh, &c.

[*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her. Exeunt Peachum and Polly.*]

Mac. I am naturally compaſſionate, wife, ſo that I could not uſe the wench as ſhe deſerved, which made you at firſt ſuſpect there was ſomething in what ſhe ſaid.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear! I was ſtrangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the caſe, her father would never have brought me into this circumſtance—No, Lucy—I had rather die than be falſe to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you ſay this from your heart! for I love thee ſo, that I could ſooner bear to ſee thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldſt thou bear to ſee me hanged?

Lucy. Oh Macheath! I can never live to ſee that day.

Mac. You ſee, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you muſt now be convinced that I rather chuſe to die, than be another's—Make me if poſſible love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuſe to aſſiſt me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of eſcape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the priſoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, ſhall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together 'twill be impoſſible to lie concealed. As ſoon as the ſearch begins to be a little cool, I will ſend to thee—till then my heart is thy priſoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear huſband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head ſtrangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR.

The laſs of Pattie's mill.

Lucy. *I like the fox ſhall grieve*
Whoſe mate hath left her ſide,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chaſe o'er the country wide.

Where can my lover hide,
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.* LOCKIT, LUCY.

Lockit.

TO be ſure, wench, you muſt have been aiding and abetting to help him to this eſcape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be ſure they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why muſt all your ſuſpicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy! I will have none of theſe ſhuffling anſwers.

Lucy. Well then—if I know any thing of him I wiſh I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I ſhall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's, Sir—I do wiſh I may be burnt, I do—and what can I ſay more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handſomely?—how much did he come down with? Come, huſſy, don't cheat your father, and I ſhall not be angry with you—Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard, for a girl in the bar of an alehouſe is always beſieged.

Lucy. Dear Sir! mention not my education— for 't was to that I owe my ruin.

AIR.

If love's a sweet passion, &c.

When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more,
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot;
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot:
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing—and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut. Lucy,—if you would not be looked upon as a fool, you should never do any thing but upon the footing of interest: those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet women, and in love we are all fools alike—Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife—Did I let him escape (fool that I was!) to go to her?—Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peachum will hang him and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, because forsooth you must be in love!—A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet—I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it—Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR.

South Sea ballad.

My love is all madness and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a wretch as I!

With rage I redden like ſcarlet,
That my dear inconſtant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms,
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my reſentment alarms.

Lock. And ſo, after all this miſchief, I muſt ſtay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Miſtreſs Puſs!—Out of my ſight, wanton ſtrumpet! you ſhall faſt and mortify yourſelf into reaſon, with now and then a little handſome diſcipline to bring you to your ſenſes.—Go. [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him—The dog is leaky in his liquor, ſo I'll ply him that way, get the ſecret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—"Lions, wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, droves, or flocks—Of all animals of prey, man is the only ſociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together."—Peachum is my companion, my friend—According to the cuſtom of the world, indeed, he may quote thouſands of precedents for cheating me—and ſhall not I make uſe of the privilege of friendſhip to make him a return?

AIR.

Packington's pound.

Thus gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Tho' they know that their induſtry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit:
But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands they each other entrap;
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honeſt tradeſmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can over-reach the other.—Lucy—[*Enter Lucy.*] are there any of Peachum's people now in the houſe?

Luey. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of ſtrong waters in the next room with Black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookeſt as if thou wert half-ſtarved, like a ſhotten herring.

Filch. "One had need have the conſtitution of a "horſe to go through the buſineſs—Since the favourite "child-getter was diſabled by a miſhap, I have picked "up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnan-"cy againſt their being called down to ſentence—but "if a man cannot get an honeſt livelihood any eaſier "way, I am ſure 't is what I cannot undertake for "another ſeſſion.

Lock. "Truly if that great man ſhould tip off, it "would be an irreparable loſs. The vigour and "proweſs of a knight-errant never ſaved half the la-"dies in diſtreſs that he hath done."—But, boy, canſt thou tell me where thy maſter is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, Sir, at The Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to ſettle with him, and in the way of thoſe tranſactions I'll artfully get into his ſecret—ſo that Macheath ſhall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a gaming-houſe.*

MACHEATH *in a fine tarniſhed coat,* BEN BUDGE, MAT *of the* MINT.

Mac. I am ſorry, gentlemen, the road was ſo barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be ſerviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You ſee, gentlemen, I am not a

mere court-friend, who profeſſes every thing, and will do nothing.

AIR.

Lillibulero.

The modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get:
'Tis true you find
Some friends ſo kind
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend,
In ſorrowful ditty
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have ſtill honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world—and, while I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that ſo generous a man ſhould be involved in ſuch difficulties as oblige him to live with ſuch ill company, and herd with gameſters.

Mat. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may ſteal a horſe better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanics, of all ſervile handicraftsmen, a gameſter is the vileſt: but yet as many of the quality are of the profeſſion, he is admitted among ſt the politeſt company. I wonder we are not more reſpected!

Mac. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and conſequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth ſetting.

Mat. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told is never without money.

Mac. What do you mean, Mat?—ſure you will not think of meddling with him!—he's a good honeſt kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be ſure, Sir, we will put ourſelves under your direction.

Mac. Have an eye upon the money-lenders—A rouleau or two would prove a pretty ſort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Mat. Thoſe rouleaus are very pretty things—I hate your bank-bills—there is ſuch a hazard in putting them off.

Mac. There is a certain man of diſtinction who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready: he is in my caſh, Ben—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you ſhall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room; ſo, gentlemen, your ſervant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Mat. Upon honour.

SCENE, PEACHUM'S *lock.*

A table, with wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation-account, brother Peachum, is of ſo intricate a nature that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Peach. It conſiſts, indeed, of a great variety of articles—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten inſtalments——"This is part of the "account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. "A lady's tail of rich brocade.—That I ſee is diſpoſed of.

Peach. "To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally woman, "and ſhe will make a good hand on't in ſhoes and ſlip-"pers to trick out young ladies upon their going into "keeping.—

Lock. "But I don't ſee any article of the jewels.

Peach. "Thoſe are ſo well known that they muſt be "ſent abroad—you'll find them entered under the arti-"cle of Exportation—As for the ſnuff boxes, watches, "ſwords, *&c.* I thought it beſt to enter them under "their ſeveral heads.

Lock. "Seven-and-twenty womens' pockets complete, "with the ſeveral things therein contained, all ſealed, "numbered, and entered."

Peach. But, brother, it is impoſſible for us now to enter upon this affair—we ſhould have the whole day before us—Beſides, the account of the laſt half-year's plate is in a book by itſelf, which lies at the other office.

Lock. "Bring us then more liquor."—To-day ſhall be for pleaſure—to-morrow for buſineſs. Ah, brother! thoſe daughters of ours are two ſlippery huſſies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two ſhall be our own again.

AIR.

Down in the North country.

Lock. *What gudgeons are we men,*
Ev'ry woman's eaſy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook again,
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what ſignifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will ſet open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were anſwerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correſpondence together for two days—This is unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they ſay or do goes for nothing.

Enter FILCH.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to ſpeak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means——ſhe's a good cuſtomer, and a fine ſpoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks ſo freely, will enliven the converſation.

Peach. Deſire her to walk in. [*Exit Filch.*

Enter Mrs. TRAPES.

Dear Mrs. Dye! your ſervant—one may know by your kiſs, that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of thoſe lips—ha'nt I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR.

A ſhepherd kept ſheep, &c.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.
Like a ſparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kiſſing ſhould paſs,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glaſs, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our buſineſs. If you have blacks of any kind brought in of late, mantuas—velvet ſcarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why look ye, Mrs. Dye—you deal ſo hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be ſure of late years I have been a great ſufferer by the parliament——three thouſand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for deſtroying the Mint was a ſevere cut upon our buſineſs——till then, if a cuſtomer ſtept out of the way—we knew where to have her:——No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer—There's a wench now (till to-day) with a good ſuit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never ſet eyes upon her for three months together.——Since the act too againſt impriſonment for ſmall ſums, my loſs there too hath been very conſiderable; and it muſt be ſo when a lady can borrow a handſome petticoat or a clean gown, and I not have the leaſt hank upon her; and, o' my

conſcience, now-a-days, moſt ladies take delight in cheating when they can do it with ſafety!

Peach. Madam, you had a handſome gold watch of us the other day for ſeven guineas—Conſidering we muſt have our profit—to a gentleman upon the road a gold watch will be ſcarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Conſider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very ſafe ſale—If you have any black velvet ſcarfs—they are a handſome winter wear, and take with moſt gentlemen who deal with my cuſtomers—'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot: 'tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price; the gentlemen always pay according to their dreſs, from half a crown to two guineas, and yet thoſe huſſies make nothing of bilking of me—Then too, allowing for accidents—I have eleven fine cuſtomers now down under the ſurgeon's hand—what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at leaſt a month's clothing—We run great riſks—great riſks indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, Sir,—to be ſure I ſtripped her of a ſuit of my own clothes about two hours ago, and have left her, as ſhe ſhould be, in her ſhift, with a lover of her's, at my houſe. She called him up ſtairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach—and I hope, for her own ſake and mine, ſhe will perſuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him—an intimate acquaintance of your's, Mr. Peachum—only Captain Macheath as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye! you ſhall ſet your own price upon any of the goods you like—We have at leaſt half a dozen velvet ſcarfs, and all at your ſervice. Will you give me leave to make you a preſent of this ſuit of night-clothes for your own wearing?—But are you ſure it is Captain Macheath!

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at second hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dreſt.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little buſineſs with the Captain—you underſtand me—and we will ſatisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't inquire after your affairs—ſo whatever happens, I waſh my hands on't—It hath always been my maxim that one friend ſhould aſſiſt another—But if you pleaſe, I'll take one of the ſcarfs home with me: 'tis always good to have ſomething in hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LUCY.

Jealouſy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and ſhattered with diſtreſſes!

AIR.

One evening having loſt my way.

I'm like a ſkiff on the ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor loſt,
Deſerted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and toſſing all night,
That Polly lies ſporting on ſeas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appeaſe my reſtleſs ſprite.

I have the ratſbane ready—I run no riſk, for I can lay her death upon the gin; and ſo many die of that naturally, that I ſhall never be called in queſtion—But ſay I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poiſoning that ſlut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miſs Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear Madam! your ſervant.—I hope you will pardon my paſſion when I was ſo happy to ſee you laſt—I was ſo over-run with the ſpleen, that I was perfectly out of myſelf; and really when one hath the ſpleen, every thing is to be excuſed by a friend.

AIR.

Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, becauſe thou'rt my ſon.

When a wife's in her pout
(As ſhe's ſometimes no doubt)
The good huſband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to ſtill,
Firſt grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

—I wiſh all our quarrels might have ſo comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuſe for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes—and really, Madam, I ſuffer too much upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miſs Polly—in the way of friendſhip, will you give me leave to propoſe a glaſs of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the head-ache.—I hope, Madam, you will excuſe me.

Lucy. Not the greateſt lady in the land could have better in her cloſet for her own private drinking—You ſeem mighty low in ſpirits, my dear!

Polly. I am ſorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer—I ſhould not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met laſt, Madam, had not my papa hauled me away ſo unexpectedly—I was, indeed, ſomewhat provoked, and perhaps might uſe ſome expreſſions that were diſreſpectful—but really,

Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again—Ah, Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR.

O Betty Bell, *&c.*

Polly. *A curse attends that woman's love*
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. *The pertness of the billing dove,*
Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. *What then in love can woman do?*
Lucy. *If we grow fond, they shun us,*
Polly. *And when we fly them they pursue.*
Lucy. *But leave us when they 'ave won us.*

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes that it is impossible to be lasting—but my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him, he did not shew the least tenderness—but perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR.

Wou'd fate to me Belinda give.

Among the men coquettes we find,
Who court by turns all womankind,
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both ſexes are ſelf-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs. I fear, my dear Lucy, our huſband is one of thoſe.

Lucy. Away with theſe melancholy reflections—Indeed, my dear Polly! we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.

Come ſweet laſs.

Come, ſweet laſs!
Let's baniſh ſorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, ſweet laſs!
Let's take a chirping glaſs.
Wine can clear
The vapours of deſpair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and baniſh care.

I can't bear, child, to ſee you in ſuch low ſpirits—and I muſt perſuade you to what I know will do you good—I ſhall now ſoon be even with the hypocritical ſtrumpet. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too, when I know ſhe hates me!—The diſſembling of a woman is always the forerunner of miſchief—By pouring ſtrong waters down my throat, ſhe thinks to pump ſome ſecrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taſte a drop of her liquor I'm reſolved.

Enter LUCY *with ſtrong waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miſs Polly.

Polly. Indeeed, child, you have given yourſelf trouble to no purpoſe—You muſt, my dear, excuſe me.

Lucy. Really, Miſs Polly, you are as ſqueamiſhly affected about taking a cup of ſtrong waters, as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I ſhall take it monſtrouſly ill if you refuſe me—Brandy and men (tho' women love them never ſo well) are always taken by us with ſome reluctance—unleſs 'tis in private.

Polly. I proteſt, Madam, it goes againſt me—What do I ſee! Macheath again in cuſtody!—now every glimmering of happineſs is loſt!

[*Drops the glaſs of liquor on the ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath eſcap'd, for by this event 'tis plain ſhe was not happy enough to deſerve to be poiſon'd. [*Aſide.*

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, *and* PEACHUM.

Lock. Set your heart at reſt, Captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another eſcape, for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away huſſies!—this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you ſee the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O huſband, huſband! my heart long'd to ſee thee, but to ſee thee thus diſtracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear huſband look upon his Polly? Why hadſt thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadſt been ſafe.

AIR.

The laſt time I came o'er the moor.

Polly. *Hither, dear huſband! turn your eyes.*
Lucy. *Beſtow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that look thy Polly dies.*
Lucy. *O ſhun me not, but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis Polly ſues.*
Lucy. *'Tis Lucy ſpeaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true love requited?*
Lucy. *My heart is burſting.*
Polly. *Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Muſt I,*
Polly. *Muſt I be ſlighted?*

Mac. What would you have me ſay, ladies?—You ſee this affair will ſoon be at an end, without my diſobliging either of you.

Peach. But the ſettling this point, Captain, might prevent a law-ſuit between your two widows.

AIR.

Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.

Mac. *Which way ſhall I turn me—how can I decide?*
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for moſt huſbands to bear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, 't other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him inſenſible to mine—a father, ſure, will be more compaſſionate—Dear, dear, Sir! ſink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.

I am a poor ſhepherd undone.

When my hero in court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of your Polly's tears,
For, ah! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing wave;
To die a dry death on land
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened, ſure you, Sir, will have more compaſſion on a daughter—I know the evidence is in your power—How then can you be a tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR.

Ianthe the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O, think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or claſhing of ſwords!
For death is more certain by witneſſes' words:
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy—We know our own affairs; therefore, let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR.

A cobler there was, *&c.*

Ourſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When matters require it muſt give up our gang;
And good reaſon why,
Or, inſtead of the fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I
Like poor petty raſcals might hang, hang,
Like poor petty raſcals might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at reſt, Polly—your huſband is to die to-day—therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another.—There's comfort for you, you ſlut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR.

Bonny Dundee.

Mac. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,*
The judges all rang'd (a terrible ſhow!)
I go undiſmay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—ſo take what I owe.
Then farewell my love—dear Charmers! adieu,
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all diſpute the reſt of our lives,
For this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.*

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court, and when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happened—You'll find me here with Miſs Lucy. [*Exit Filch.*] But why is all this muſick?

Lucy. The priſoners, whoſe trials are put off till next ſeſſion, are diverting themſelves.

Polly. Surely there is nothing ſo charming as muſick! I'm fond of it to diſtraction—But, alas!—now all

mirth ſeems an inſult upon my affliction.—Let us retire, my dear Lucy! and indulge our ſorrows—The noiſy crew, you ſee, are coming upon us. [*Exeunt.*

A dance of priſoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *the condemn'd hole.*

MACHEATH *in a melancholy poſture.*

AIR.

Happy groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel caſe!
Muſt I ſuffer this diſgrace?

AIR.

Of all the girls that are ſo ſmart

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one ſo ſure can bring relief
As this beſt friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*

AIR.

Britons ſtrike home.

Since I muſt ſwing—I ſcorn, I ſcorn to whince or whine.
[*Riſes.*

AIR.

Chevy chaſe.

But now again my ſpirits ſink,
I'll raiſe them high with wine.
[*Drinks a glaſs of wine.*

AIR.

To old Sir Simon the king.

But valour the ſtronger grows
The ſtronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we've loſt the trouble of thinking?
[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Joy to great Cæsar.

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
[*Pours out a bumper of brandy.*

AIR.

There was an old woman, &c.

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.
[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.

But can I leave my pretty hussies
Without one tear or tender sigh?

AIR.

Why are mine eyes still flowing.

Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die!

AIR.

Green Sleeves.

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Jail. Some friends of your's, Captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter BEN BUDGE *and* MAT *of the* MINT.

Mac. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The sheriff's officers I believe are now at the door.—That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprized me—'Tis

a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more truſt one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourſelves, for, in all probability, you may live ſome months longer.

Mat. We are heartily ſorry, Captain, for your miſfortunes—but 'tis what we muſt all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous ſcoundrels: their lives are as much in your power, as your's are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'tis my laſt requeſt—Bring thoſe villains to the gallows before you, and I am ſatisfied.

Mat. We'll do't.

Re-enter Jailor.

Jail. Miſs Polly and Miſs Lucy entreat a word with you.

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben Budge and Mat of the Mint.*

Enter LUCY *and* POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy—my dear Polly—whatſoever hath paſt between us, is now at an end—If you are fond of marrying again, the beſt advice I can give you is, to ſhip yourſelves off for the Weſt Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a huſband a-piece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like beſt.

Polly. How can I ſupport this ſight?

Lucy. There is nothing moves one ſo much as a great man in diſtreſs.

AIR.

All you that muſt take a leap.

Lucy. *Wou'd I might be hang'd.*
Polly. *And I would ſo too.*
Lucy. *To be hang'd with you.*
Polly. *My dear with you.*
Mac. *O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.*

[*Turns up the empty bottle.*

Polly. *No token of love?*
Mac. *See, my courage is out.*
[*Turns up the empty pot.*
Lucy. *No token of love?*
Polly. *Adieu!*
Lucy. *Farewell!*
Mac. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*

Jail. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece. See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Mac. What! four wives more!—this is too much —tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEGGAR *and* PLAYER.

Play. But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir: to make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose they were all either hanged or transported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very just, and is easily removed; for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about: So you rabble there—run and cry, A Reprieve—Let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do to comply with the taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether, in the fashionable vices, the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral; 'twould have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

Enter to them MACHEATH, *with rabble, &c.*

Mac. So it ſeems I am not left to my choice, but muſt have a wife at laſt.—Look ye, my dears, we will have no controverſy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am ſure ſhe who thinks herſelf my wife, will teſtify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance, a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to preſent a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time I take Polly for mine—and for life, you ſlut, for we were really married—As for the reſt—But at preſent keep your own ſecret. [*To Polly.*

[*A Dance.*]

AIR.

Lumps of pudding, *&c.*

Thus I ſtand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound,
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And the diff'rent beauties ſubdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his deſires,
Tho' willing to all, with but one he retires.
Then think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
Chorus. *Then think of this maxim,* &c.

THE END.

LOVE in a VILLAGE
Mrs. Billington as Rosetta
My hearts my own, my will is free
And so shall he my voice.
Drawn by Westall R.A. Engraved by Thornthwaite

THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.

Cooke's Edition.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

LITTLE can be said of this person, that will reflect honour on his character, as he unfortunately ranks among the number of those, whose claims to liberality of judging are absorbed in the imputation of a crime that almost precludes the possibility of making a partial appeal in their favour. In short, the incidents of his life, are neither very numerous nor very interesting; the following are all that can be collected which bear the semblance of authenticity.

Isaac Bickerstaff was a native of Ireland, and being admitted in early life as page to Lady Chesterfield, when the Earl was viceroy of that kingdom, he obtained, in consequence, an ensigncy in a corps of regulars; from which, according to report, he was discarded with a stigma on his character of such atrocity as no time can obliterate.

He wrote the following dramatic pieces:

Leucothoe,
Thomas and Sally,
Love in a Village,
Maid of the Mill,
Daphne and Amintor,
Plain Dealer,
Love in the City,
Lionel and Clarissa,
The Absent Man,
The Padlock,
The Hypocrite,
The Ephesian Matron,
Dr. Last in his Chariot,
The Captive,
A School for Fathers,
It's well it's no worse,
The Recruiting Sergeant,
He would if he could,
Sultana, (not printed)
Baucis and Philemon. (not printed)

When he was compelled to abscond on account of the odium attached to his character, he had a burletta of two acts in rehearsal in Drury Lane theatre, entitled

Baucis and Philemon, but which has not been brought forward by managers, probably from an apprehension that the ignominy of the author might attach in some measure to the production, and induce a suspicion that a correspondence might be kept up with so despicable a character in his exile.

The piece has been seen in manuscript by several literary persons; one of whom has selected the following air, allotted to the character of Jupiter, as being, in his opinion, the most perfect that ever came from the pen of that dramatist, both in point of sentiment and versification.

"'Tis not the smoke from incense roll'd
"Or pomp of ostentatious rights:
"Or hecatombs inflam'd with gold
"Can reach the empyrean heights.
"Would you to heavenly acts aspire,
"And wafted be on eagle's wings;
"Know that the deed supremely good
"Outweighs the sacrifice of kings"

Bickerstaff, as a dramatist, possessed considerable merit. He writes in a style of simplicity suited to the purposes of an opera, exhibiting plain rural scenes of life; he has seldom violated the unities of the drama, and has generally preserved an happy consistency in his parts, which renders the necessary delusion more effectual. The dialogue of his characters approximates more closely to common conversation in society, than that of many authors of superior renown; and if he has not made them witty, he has done more in making them natural in action, and impressive in sentiment.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE OPERA.

An opera has been defined to be a poetical tale, but we conceive that term is too general, and applies with equal significance and propriety to every other species of the drama. An opera, according to strict definition, is a scenic exhibition on the stage, sustained by actors of vocal abilities, who are accompanied by various musical instruments, that give a greater or less degree of harmony, as the passion of the performer, or the concatenation of the fable may render necessary, to produce the proper effect in the mind of the auditor.

Opera probably owes its origin to the eccentricities which prevailed in the Grecian and Roman Theatres, or, as some have asserted, may have taken its rise from the Zambras, or Royal Feasts of Spain, in the time of the Moors; the warlike part of which festivals, such as tilting and running at the ring being omitted, and the music, dancing, and scenery retained and connected; it formed an entertainment of long standing at the Italian court, being introduced at the celebration either of the birth or marriage of princes, and to confirm that practice it may be observed, that the *Pastor Fido*, was particularly composed in honour of the nuptials of a Duke of Savoy.

In process of time the drama of Italy was rescued from that Gothic influence which has long benighted the intellectual world, to which the noble and luminous family of *Medicis* essentially contributed, by an exemplary recommendation of that love of truth and beauty which gave learning and true criticism additional vigour, and of course introduced that spirit of discernment, which eventually established a more correct judgment, and a more correct scenic representation.

CRITIQUE
ON
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

THE plot of this entertaining drama is evidently borrowed from the *Village Opera*, written by CHARLES JOHNSON, and will be found, upon a comparative view, to be an improvement on the piece from which the greater part of the plot and characters were taken.—*Love in a Village* was originally performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, in December, 1762, and from the combined attraction of Miss Brent, Mr. Beard, and Mr. Shuter, three very popular performers, who then personated the characters of *Rosetta*, *Hawthorn*, and *Justice Woodcock*, was received with universal applause. The poetry of many of the airs do credit to the author, and though they may not stand the test of rigid criticism, yet when the characters to which they are applied are taken into consideration, they will appear to be very happily adapted to enforce the purpose which the acting parties in the drama have most particularly it view.

Among the serious airs, that commencing with

"How much superior beauty awes,"

is entitled to much praise, as marked by a softness of language which becomes a polished lover, when addressing the mistress of his heart; nor can it be heard without impressing on the susceptible mind, sentiments equally conducive to the honour of the sexes.

The author, indeed, discovers, in general, an happy facility in adapting his tunes to his ideas, a practice highly essential in dramatic composition; for, whatever tends to illustrate the action of the scene, or character of the illusory personage, should be considered with the utmost attention, and adopted as often as the laws of the drama will admit. What tune could be conceived more forcibly to express the indignant emo-

tions of a simple rustic, in similar circumstances with Hodge, than that beginning with

"A plague on those wenches they make such a pother?"

The rapidity of expression so necessary for its delivery, is perfectly analogous to the propensities and prejudices of the harrassed and tormented clown, and is of so impressive a tendency, that it cannot be even indifferently recited without producing a correspondent and favourable influence in the audience towards the actor.

That beginning with

"Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,"

is as characteristically consistent with the situation and circumstances of Madge, as the former with those of her faithless swain.

The character of Hawthorn is fraught with that good humour, and genuine spirit of independence which characterize an English country gentleman. His words and actions are entirely consonant. He neither speaks to deceive, nor listens to betray; but perseveres in an open manly course, exhibiting an example worthy of imitation in every department of social life.

Deborah Woodcock is one of those antiquated maidens who were observable in families, as warranted guardians over the perishable blossoms of beauty, and arrogating a licence to be meddling, officious, and impertinent. This race of vigilant females appears now to be nearly extinct, nor do we think society has sustained a loss in their exclusion; for, in the great point of female education, restraint and indulgence are equally dangerous in the extreme.

In the character of Lucinda there are many qualities to commend, and some to disapprove. Though a young person subject to the control of a vigilant suspicious duenna, like Deborah Woodcock, might naturally be supposed, from the influence of disappointed love, to be sometimes a little refractory towards the guardian of her virtue, yet we can by no means coun-

tenance her deviation from the rules of delicacy and duty, when she tauntingly declares to her aunt, that

> "'Twere better on earth
> "Have five brats at a birth
> "Than in hell be a leader of apes."

Justice Woodcock is a character possessing much humour, but little wit. Like many illiterate men in the same situation, he vainly attaches a dignity and importance to his office, which renders him contemptible in his demeanour, and proves that the gentleman is lost in the magistrate. His first interview with Eustace, his daughter's lover, evinces an uncouthness of manners which tends to disgust, but his joviality and spirit operate wonderfully in his favour. There are few incidents exhibited on our stage which occur more naturally, or are worked up more ingeniously, than the obstinacy of Justice Woodcock, which, clashing occasionally with the perverseness of his sister, has a powerful tendency to render him instrumental in ratifying the engagements of the young lovers; and the plan is so constructed, that he does that in concurrence with his prejudices, which he would not do agreeably to his principle; and to remove the reproach of the audience, that would otherwise attach to his offering his lovely daughter to a person with whom he is but slightly acquainted, the author has judiciously contrived that Sir William Meadows shall meet Eustace previous to the conclusion of the drama, and not only acknowledge him with rapture as his kinsman, but informs the parties that he was a man of independence and a character of respectability.

The motive of the elopement of the two lovers is the same; to avoid a marriage forced upon them by their parents; and their passion for each other, with the efforts of their pride to suppress it, affords several interesting situations; nor is the catastrophe less pleasing when they are found to have been the two that were originally designed by their parents for each other.

Hodge and Madge are strongly marked rustic characters; their courtship is carried on in a manner consonant with their breeding; suspicions and jealousies they have, in common with their superiors; and only differ from them in the mode of expressing them.

The author himself speaks so modestly of his piece as a dramatic performance, that it would be illiberal to enter too critically into an examination of its merits. Suffice it then to say, upon the whole, that it is an entertaining performance: that there is just as much fable as the author might think it expedient to put into an opera: that the dialogue is natural; and that in several of the parts there are strokes of genuine humour.

From the general applause this piece commands whenever it is performed (which is much more frequent than any of a similar kind), we may venture, next to the Beggar's Opera, that great prototype of all the ballad dramas, to give it precedence in the operatical department of theatrical representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS.....Mr. Aickin.
Young MEADOWS.....Mr. Kelly.
Justice WOODCOCK.....Mr. Parsons.
HAWTHORN.....Mr. Dignum.
EUSTACE.....Mr. Williames.
HODGE.....Mr. Hollingsworth.

Women.

ROSSETTA.....Mrs. Crouch.
LUCINDA.....Miss Stageldoir.
DEBORAH WOODCOCK.....Mrs. Love.
MARGERY.....Miss Collett.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS.....Mr. Powell.
Young MEADOWS.....Mr. Johnstone.
Justice WOODCOCK.....Mr. Quick.
HAWTHORN.....Mr. Townshend.
EUSTACE.....Mr. Davies.
HODGE.....Mr. Knight.

Women.

ROSSETTA.....Mrs. Chambining.
LUCINDA.....Mrs. Mountain.
DEBORAH WOODCOCK.....Mrs. Davenport.
MARGERY.....Mrs. Martyr.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A garden, with statues, fountains, and flower-pots. Several arbours appear in the side scenes: ROSSETTA *and* LUCINDA *are discovered at work, seated upon two garden-chairs.*

AIR.

Ros. *HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,*
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Luc. *Hope! thou earnest of delight,*
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Both. *Kind deceiver, flatter still,*
Deal out pleasures unpossest,
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

Luc. Heigho!—*Rossetta?*

Ros. Well, child, what do you say?

Luc. 'Tis a devilish thing to live in a village, a hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a super-annuated maiden aunt.—I am heartily sick of my situation.

Ros. And with reason—But 'tis in a great measure your own fault: here is this Mr. Eustace, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him;

you know one another's minds, and yet you will not resolve to make yourself happy with him.

AIR.

Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid:
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover!
More firmness discover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope;
Resist and be free,
Run riot like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope!

Luc. And is this your advice?

Ros. Positively.

Luc. Here's my hand; positively I'll follow it—I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day; we will make use of the opportunity to settle all preliminaries—And then—But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Ros. Oh! madam, your servant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you—But you say you got acquainted with this spark while you were with your mother during her last illness at Bath, so that your father has never seen him?

Luc. Never in his life, my dear; and, I am confident he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connexion: my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises; but, besides that my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

Ros. Except being absurd; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in this—But, now we are on the

subject, I desire to know, what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this libidinous father of yours? He follows me about the house like a tame goat.

Luc. Nay, I'll assure you he hath been a wag in his time—you must have a care of yourself.

Ros. Wretched me! to fall into such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage——You smile at that now; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me; but you must excuse my being a little over-delicate in this particular.

AIR

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway?

Luc. Well, but my dear mad girl——

Ros. Lucinda, don't talk to me—Was your father to go to London; meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong-headed as himself; and in a fit of absurd friendship agree to marry you to that old fellow's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclination, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable——

Luc. Why I should think it a little hard, I confess—yet when I see you in the character of a chamber-maid—

Ros. It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed; and, I can tell you, I was reduced to the last extremity, when in consequence of our old boarding-school friendship, I appli-

ed to you to receive me in this capacity: for we expected the parties the very next week.

Luc. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

Ros. More than so, he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford: and after that what hopes could one have of being happy with him?

Luc. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month you have been absent—

Ros. Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers since I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder in the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

Luc. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge?

Ros. No matter, Ill sit down in that harbour, and listen to the singing of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Luc. So it seems, indeed: sure, Rossetta, none of your admirers had power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Ros. In love! that's pleasant: who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

Luc. Why, let me see——What do you think of Thomas, our gardener? There he is, at the other end of the walk—He is a pretty young man, and the servants say he's always writing verses on you.

Ros. Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.

Luc. Indeed, Rossetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ros. Blush? I'm sure I don't blush.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Pshaw, Lucinda, how can you be so ridiculous?

Luc. Well, don't be angry, and I have done—— But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself?

AIR.

When once Love's subtile poison gains
A passage to the female breast,
Like lightning rushing through the veins,
Each wish, and every thought's possest:

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Mea. Let me see—on the fifteenth of June, at half an hour past five in the morning, [*taking out a pocket-book*] I left my father's house, unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's, which fitted me, by way of a disguise: so says my pocket-book; and, chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation to the worshipful Justice Woodcock, to be the superintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see, I chose to run any lengths, rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. [*Puts up the book, and takes up a watering-pot.*] Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered, as if I had changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chambermaid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir William Meadows—But that's impossible.

AIR.

O! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain;
In fair Rossetta's *sight to feed*
My sheep upon the plain;

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I past by that arbour? Was it not she sat reading there? the trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken —Here she comes.

SCENE III.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Ros. Lucinda was certainly in the right of it, and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself—— Marry, hang the fellow for not being a gentleman,

Y. Mea. I am determined I won't speak to her— [*turning to a rose-tree, and plucking the flowers.*] Now or never is the time to conquer myself: besides, I have some reason to believe the girl has no aversion to me; and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen. [*hums a tune.*] Pshaw! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

Ros. He takes no notice of me; but so much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talked of, would be buying a ring, and being asked in church— Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

Y. Mea. Hah, going without a word! a look —I can't bear that—Mrs. Rosetta, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ros. Thank you. Mr. Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Y. Mea. Will you accept of them for yourself, then? [*catching hold of her.*] What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Ros. Pray let go my hand.

Y. Mea. Nay, pr'ythee, why is this? you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ros. Well, but I must go, I will go; I desire, Mr. Thomas——

AIR.

Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly?
Cease, oh! cease, to persevere;
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore;
Go, and never see me more.

SCENE IV.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

This girl is a riddle—That she loves me, I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it; and yet, when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and, if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant—I feel my passion for her grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her? would I make a mistress of her if I could?—Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing then? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

AIR.

Still in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;

Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave,
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.

SCENE V.

A hall in Justice WOODCOCK'S *house. Enter* HAWTHORN, *with a fowling-piece in his hands, and a net with birds at his girdle; and afterwards, Justice* WOODCOCK.

AIR.

There was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night;
No lark more blythe than he.
And this the burden of his song,
For ever us'd to be,——
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.

House, here, house! what all gadding, all abroad! house, I say, hilli-ho, ho!

J. Wood. Here's a noise, here's a racket! William, Robert, Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing! [*Entering*] Oh, master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such madcap—Are you there?

Haw. Am I here? Yes: and if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time; but you have got the lazy unwholesome London fashion, of lying a bed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in

co npliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that ha l just set up business.

J. Wood. Well but master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for, I say, sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it.

Haw. What, when I maintain the contrary?—— Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobler is a better man than a sick king.

J. Wood. Well, well, you are a sportsman.

Haw. And so would you too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman! why there is nothing like it: I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel, while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in Christendom.

AIR.

Let gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light:
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

SCENE IV.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worship call, sir?

J. Wood. Call, sir; where have you and the rest of

these rascals been? but I suppose, I need not ask—You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to day; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks here-about out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice shew they make yonder; they had got pipers, and fidlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

Haw. Why, I like this now, this is as it should be.

J. Wood. No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards: but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorised already; for by an act passed *Anno undecimo Caroli primi*, which impowers a justice of peace, who is lord of the manor——

Haw. Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you this is a very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your market affords;—and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

J. Wood. I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity?—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

Haw. Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good-humour, and competence, is my motto: and, if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

AIR.

The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king.

SCENE VII.

LUCINDA, HODGE.

Luc. Hist, hist, Hodge!

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Luc. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been, ay I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crossly in your born days.

Luc. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i'th'hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground; so I was fain to go to farmer Ploughshare's at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly: and, would you think it? after walking all that way, de'el from me, if the cross-grain'd toad did not deny me the favour.

Luc. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my way to the King's-head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame Quickset's blind mare.

Luc. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Luc. Psha! Why did not you say so at once?

Hodge. Aye, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt on't, for she is a sorry jade at best.

Luc. Well, well, did you see Mr. Eustace, and what did he say to you?—Come, quick—have you e'er a letter?

Hodge. Yes he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

Luc. Lost it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience: adwawns, you are always in such a hurry [*rummaging his pockets*] I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh here it is.

Luc. So, give it me. [*reads the letter to herself.*]

Hodge. Lord-a-mercy! how my arm achs with beating that plaguy beast; I'll be hang'd if I won'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Luc. Well, Hodge, you have done your business very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Luc. Yes—Mr. Eustace tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock—You know where he came before.

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Luc. Well, you must go there: and wait till he arrives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him, across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Luc. But take particular care that nobody sees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Luc. Nor for your life, drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Luc. And Hodge——

AIR.

Hodge. *Well, well, say no more,*
Sure you told me before;
I see the full length of my feather;
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wise,
Will always suffice;
Addsniggers go talk to your parrot;

I'm not such an elfe,
Though I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

SCENE VIII.

LUCINDA.

How severe is my case! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry—But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title—vain imagination!

AIR.

Cupid, God of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part;
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur? foe to rest,
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.

SCENE IX.

A field with a stile. Enter HODGE, *followed by* MARGERY; *and, some time after, enter* YOUNG MEADOWS.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for? Odds flesh, folk may well talk, to see you dangling after me

every where, like a tantony pig: find some other road, can't you; and don't keep wherreting me with your nonsense.

Mar. Nay, pray you, Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well; what sayn you?

Mar. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous? and is this the way you serve me after all; and won't you keep your word, Hodge?

Hodge. Why no I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Mar. Nay but surely, surely—Consider Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conscience! How am I obligated?

Mar. Because you are; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge, don't make me speak.

Mar. Yes do, speak your worst.

Hodge. Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the West, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

Mar. No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of farmer Ploughshare's—But I know what makes you false hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman, and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you, mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge. [*Seeing Young Meadows.*] Oh! master Thomas, I have a word or two to say to you; pray did not you go down the village one day last week with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

Y. Mea. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the ostler at the Green-man was saying, as how there was a passenger at their house, as see'd you go by, and said he know'd you; and axt a mort of questions—So I thought I'd tell you.

Y. Mea. The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it.—Come hither, Hodge.

Mar. A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have.—Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to none of them.

AIR.

How happy were my days, till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel,
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the silly silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

SCENE X.

A green with the prospect of a village, and the representation of a statute or fair. Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSSETTA, *Young* MEADOWS, HODGE, *and several country people.*

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a coming.

Countrymen. His worship!

J. Wood. Fye, fye, what a crowd's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a fellow.*] Stand out of the way, sirrah.

Haw. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you list ma! Serve the king, master! no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

Haw. Well said, Sturdy-boots.

J. Wood. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Haw. I would have them do so, I like they should. —Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estate had been so well peopled. —Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. Deb. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young hussys fleering with the fellows.

Haw. There's a lass [*beck'ning to a country girl.*] Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here? [*Chucking her under the chin.*] Do you come to look for a service?

C. Girl. Yes, an't please you.

Haw. Well, and what place are you for?

C. Girl. All work, an't please you.

J. Wood. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it: any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. Deb. She looks like a brazen one—Go, hussy.

Haw. Here's another. [*Catching a girl that goes by*] What health, what bloom!—this is Nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be ashamed, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

SCENE XI.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, *and men and women servants.*

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the like of our statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant-man. Come, good people, make a ring, and stand out, fellow servants, as many of you as are willing, and able to bear a bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants Medley.

AIR.

HOUSE-MAID.

I pray, gentles, list to me.
I'm young, and strong, and clean you see;
I'll not turn tail to any she,
For work that's in the country.
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

FOOTMAN.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry:
And what tho' here I now appear,
I've serv'd the best of gentry.
A footman would you have
I can dress, and comb, and shave;
For I a handy lad am:
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant, madam.

COOK-MAID.

Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross;
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,
Compar'd to old English roast beef?

CARTER.

If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I,
Ge ho Dobbin, &c.

CHORUS,

My masters and mistresses, hither repair;
What servants you want, you'll find in our fair;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be;
And, as for the wages we shan't disagree.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *House.*

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Lucinda.

WELL, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's house at noon-day? Though, to say the truth, we are safer here than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Eust. Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment? I have a post-chaise ready.

Luc. Fye: how can you talk so lightly? I protest I am afraid to have any thing to do with you; your passion seems too much founded on appetite; and my aunt Deborah says—

Eust. What! by all the rapture my heart now feels—

Luc. Oh to be sure, promise and vow; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

AIR.

We women like weak Indians trade,
Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys;
Dupes to our folly are we made,
While artful man the gain enjoys:
We give our treasure to be paid
A paltry, poor return! in toys.

Eust. Well, I see you've a mind to divert yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

Luc. Seriously then, what would you desire me to say? I have promised to run away with you; which is as great a concession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

Eust. Yes; but, you dear provoking angel, you have not told me, when you will run away with me.

Luc. Why that, I confess, requires some consideration.

Eust. Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse, never to return.

AIR.

Think my fairest, how delay
Danger every moment brings;
Time flies swift, and will away;
Time that's ever on its wings;
Doubting and suspence at best,
Lovers late repentance cost;
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize occasion e'er 'tis lost.

SCENE II.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE, JUSTICE WOODCOCK, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

J. Wood. Why, here is nothing in the world in this house but cater-wauling from morning till night, nothing but cater-wauling. Hoity toity; who have we here?

Luc. My father, and my aunt!

Eust. The devil! What shall we do?

Luc. Take no notice of them, only observe me. *(Speaks aloud to* Eustace.*)* Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the Justice was at home; he is just stepp'd into the village with some company; but, if you'll sit down a moment, I dare swear he will return—*(pretends to see the Justice)*—O! Sir, here is my papa!

J. Wood. Here is your papa, hussy! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here?

Eust. Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

J. Wood. Don't answer me, you rascal—I am a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail, for all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. Deb. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

J. Wood. And how do you know its right? How should you know any thing's right?—Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long.

J. Wood. What man, goody Wise-acre!

Mrs. Deb. Why, the man your daughter has an intrigue with: but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes—Come, hussy, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

Luc. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master: he goes about the country, teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me: I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service; and did not know what answer to give him till I saw my papa.

J. Wood. A music-master!

Eust. Yes, Sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. Deb. It's a lye, young man; it's a lye. Brother, he is no more a music-master, than I am a music-master.

J. Wood. What then, you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world?

Mrs. Deb. Brother, he does not look like a music-master.

J. Wood. He does not look! ha! ha! ha! Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what does he look like then? But I suppose you mean, he is not dressed like a music master, because of his ruffles, and this bit of garnishing about his coat—which seems to be copper too—Why, you silly wretch, these whipper-snappers set up for gentlemen, now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality.—Hark you, friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act? You have some settled habitation—Where do you live?

Mrs. Deb. It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

J. Wood. Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

Mrs. Deb. I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

J. Wood. You shan't say a word to him, you shan't say a word to him.

Mrs. Deb. She says he was recommended here, brother; ask him by whom?

J. Wood. No, I won't now, because you desire it.

Luc. If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be very readily resolved.

Mrs. Deb. Who bid you speak, Mrs. Nimble Chops? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

J. Wood. Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. Deb. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay; but, remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair; for, through your own obstinacy, you will have your daughter run away with, before your face.

J. Wood. My daughter! Who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. Deb. That fellow will.

J. Wood. Go, go, you are a wicked, censorious woman.

Luc. Why, sure, madam, you must think me very coming, indeed.

J. Wood. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember when she was a girl: her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. Deb. I was not.

J. Wood. You were.

Luc. Well, but why so violent?

AIR.

Believe me, dear aunt,
If you thus rave, and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;

The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.

How happy the lass,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

SCENE III.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

J. Wood. Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome foolish creature, does she think I want to be directed by her?—Come hither, my lad, you look tolerable honest.

Eust. I hope, Sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

J. Wood. No, no, I am not easily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes. I remember, when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's coffee-house; Jack Pickle used to sing it for us, a droll fish! but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard of it often.

AIR.

When I followed a lass that was froward and shy,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast:
When hugg'd and haul'd,
She squeal'd and squall'd;

But, though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it again:
Then hoity, toity,
Whisking, and frisking,
Green was her gown upon the grass;
Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

Eust. Very well, upon my word.

J. Wood. No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once;—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and shew him what you can do—I must go and give some orders; *Then hoity, toity,* &c.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Luc. My sweet, pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; hah, hah, hah! was ever so whimsical an accident? Well, sir, what do you think of this?

Eust. Think of it! I am in a maze.

Luc. O your aukwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and, if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Eust. 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the house? we could expect nothing else: besides, since they did surprise us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

Luc. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a husband; and let me tell you, that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing, he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Eust. And pray what am I to do now?

Luc. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over since he hath invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour: and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Eust. Had not I better go to your father?

Luc. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

Eust. Well, but what sort of a parting is this, without so much as your servant, or good bye to you? No ceremony at all? Can you afford me no token to keep up my spirits till I see you again?

Luc. Ah, childish!

Eust. My angel!

AIR.

Eust. *Let rakes and libertines, resign'd*
To sensual pleasures, range!
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Luc. *Let vain coquets and prudes conceal*
What most their hearts desire;
With pride my passion I reveal,
Oh! may it ne'er expire.

Both. *The sun shall cease to spread its light,*
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

SCENE V.

A Garden.

Enter ROSSETTA, *musing.*

Ros. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head, and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him: well but surely I am not in love: let me examine my heart a little:

I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman? what was it to me?—Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day: Oh! worse and worse!—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank:—And now, let me only put the case, if he was not a servant, would I, or would I not, prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he was not a servant—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied.

AIR.

How bless'd the maid, whose bosom
No head-strong passion knows;
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose.
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

SCENE VI.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Y. Mea. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rossetta, to put my lilies and roses out of countenance; or, to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ros. Where could he get that now? he never read the Academy of Compliments.

Y. Mea. Come, don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer any thing better than that; in short, I love you; there is no more to be said: I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it; but, in spite of myself, I love you.

AIR.

In vain, I ev'ry art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That rankles in my heart;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound—
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

Ros. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and, in short, I don't like it.

Y. Mea. Perhaps you don't like me.

Ros. Well, perhaps I don't.

Y. Mea. Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

Ros. Confess! Indeed I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose should I confess it?

Y. Mea. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only, it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

Ros. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you would never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak; we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them; and, if I was so silly, I say, if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

Y. Mea. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. Rossetta, to be sure; you are entirely in the right of it—I—know very well, you and I can never come together.

Ros. Well then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Y. Mea. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more?

Ros. With all my heart.

Y. Mea. Nor look at, nor, if possible, think of, one another?

Ros. I am very willing.

Y. Mea. And, as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice?

Ros. It is the best way.

Y. Mea. Why I believe it is——Well, Mrs. Rossetta———

AIR.

Ros. *Begone——I agree,*
From this moment we're free:
Already the matter I've sworn:
Y. Mea. *Yet let me complain*
Of the fates that ordain
A trial so hard to be borne.
Ros. *When things are not fit,*
We should calmly submit;
No cure in reluctance we find:
Y. Mea. *Then thus I obey,*
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.

Ros. Well, now, I think, I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

Y. Mea. Hold, Mrs. Rosetta, pray stay a moment —The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable: I find now the cause of her behaviour; she despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'sdeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

Ros. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him.

Y. Mea. It shall be so: I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly.—Mrs. Rossetta—[*starting back*]—Pox on it; yonder's the Justice come into the garden!

Ros. O Lord! he will walk round this way; pray go about your business; I would not for the world he should see us together.

Y. Mea. The devil take him: he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour: I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ros. Some other time.

Y. Mea. This evening, in the green-house, at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Ros. Meet you!

Y. Mea. Aye; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

Ros. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Y. Mea. You'll come then?

Ros. I don't know, perhaps I may.

Y. Mea. Nay, but promise.

Ros. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but, I tell you, I will.

Y. Mea. Enough—Yet, before I leave you, let me desire you to believe I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

AIR.

Oh! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell;
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,
The cruel word, Farewel?
Farewel!—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

SCENE VII.

ROSSETTA, JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Ros. What can this be that he wants to tell me? I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

J. Wood. Hem! hem! Rossetta!

Ros. So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, Sir?

J. Wood. Ay, where are you running so fast?

Ros. I was only going into the house, Sir.

J. Wood. Well, but come here: come here, I say. [*Looking about.*] How do you do, Rossetta?

Ros. Thank you, Sir, pretty well.

J. Wood. Why you look as fresh and blooming to-day—Adad, you little slut, I believe you are painted.

Ros. O Sir! you are pleased to compliment.

J. Wood. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ros. Lord, Sir!

J. Wood. What brings you into this garden so often, Rossetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils my trees by engraving true-lover's knots upon them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servant's hall, with the smoke of a candle; and I suspect——

Ros. Not me, I hope, Sir—No, sir; I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for, I have heard say, men are false and fickle——

J. Wood. Ay, that's your flanting, idle, young fellows; so they are: and they are so damn'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them, besides, all that they want is something to bragg of, and tell again.

Ros. Why, I own, Sir, if ever I was to make a slip, it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy-five years of age.

J. Wood. No, child, that's out of reason; though I

have known many a man turned of three-score with a hale constitution.

Ros. Then, Sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good strong, substantial, winter cough—and I should not like him the worse if he had a small touch of the rhumatism.

J. Wood. Pho, pho, Rossetta, this is jesting.

Ros. No, Sir, every body has a taste, and I have mine.

J. Wood. Well, but Rossetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ros. What was it, Sir?

J. Wood. Ah! you know, you know well enough, hussy.

Ros. Dear sir, consider, "my soul, would you have "me endanger my soul?

J. Wood. "No, no—Repent.

Ros. "Besides, Sir, consider," what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And, I have heard, you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

J. Wood. I tell you again these are the idle, flashy young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man——

Ros. And a magistrate, Sir!

J. Wood. Right; it's quite a different thing——— Well, shall we, Rossetta, shall we?

Ros. Really, Sir, I don't know what to say to it.

AIR.

Young I am, and sore afraid:
Would you hurt a harmless maid!
Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe:
And, should you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

J. Wood. Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ros. Won't you, Sir?

J. Wood. Not I.

Ros. But won't you indeed, Sir?

J. Wood. Why I tell you I won't.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!

J. Wood. Hussy, Hussy!

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Sir, your servant.

J. Wood. Why, you impudent, audacious—

SCENE VIII.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN.

Haw. So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps!—Your servant, Sir.

J. Wood. Haw: friend Hawthorn!

Haw. I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour: I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

J. Wood. Oh! the maid. Ay, she has been gathering a sallad—But come hither, master Hawthorn, and I'll shew you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

Haw. No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, Sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a sallad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses; egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are ashamed of the business, then, are you?

AIR.

Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

J. Wood. I profess, master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me; I don't understand a word of it.

Haw. No, may be not: well, Sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that? it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

J. Wood. A letter, and to me? [*taking the letter.*] Yes, it is to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent, that I know of. Where are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them, master Hawthorn; but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand.

Sir,

I am ashamed of giving you this trouble; but, I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener: Tom *is a little wild, but an honest lad, and no fool either, though I am his father that say it.* Tom—oh, this is *Thomas*, our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Haw. Well, well, Sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

J. Wood. Stay, where is the place? Oh, here:—*I am come in quest of my run-away, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner: because, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice.* (Whoever this person is, he understands good manners). *I beg leave to wait upon you, Sir; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.*

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour?

Haw. Let me consider—Meadows—by dad I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire;

and, now I remember, I heard, sometime ago, that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted: and, if you please, Sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

J. Wood. Do so, master Hawthorn, do so——But, pray what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man?

Haw. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjuror; but I suppose you ask that question because of this story about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

J. Wood. No doubt of it, master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some mynx, against his father's consent—Why, Sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school, in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

Haw. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember when we were young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred; nay, between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

AIR.

My Dolly *was the fairest thing!*
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type:
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

J. Wood. Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

Haw. Odds heart, neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we're hoarse again; and so there's an end on't.

SCENE IX.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *Hall.*

HODGE, MARGERY.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Mar. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why, then pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first—What does the wench stand for?

Mar. I want to know if his worship's at home.

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Mar. Perhaps you will hear that—Look ye, Hodge, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't.

Mar. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will?

Mar. Yes, that's what I will; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier.

Hodge. There's the door, take a friend's advice and go about your business.

Mar. My business is with his worship; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, Madge, if you make any of your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you be gone?

Mar. I won't.

Hodge. Here, Towser, [*whistling*] whu, whu, whu!

AIR.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?
Zawns! Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I say;
You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,
So pack up your alls and be trudging away:
You'd better be quiet,
And not breed a riot;
S'blood, must I stand prating with you here all day?
I've got other matters to mind;
May hap you may think me an ass;
But to the contrary you'll find.
A fine piece of work by the mass!

SCENE X.

ROSSETTA, HODGE, MARGERY.

Ros. Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live, an admirer of mine, and, if I mistake not, a rival—I'll have some sport with them—how now, fellow-servant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. Rossetta, only this young woman wants to speak with his worship—Madge follow me.

Mar. No, Hodge, this is your fine madam; but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho'f I may'nt go so gay; and now she's here, I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Mar. No, I'll speak if I die for it.

Ros. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why nothing I tell you;—Madge—

Mar. Yes, but it is something, it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ros. Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to me?

Mar. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not

a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I had never a cross word from him till he kept you company; but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

Ros. Do you hear this, friend Hodge?

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she, I hope; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do; my mind runs upon nothing else; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to night, before to-morrow.

Mar. You're a nasty monkey, you are parjur'd, you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her—I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Mar. Do; strike me; you a man!

Ros. Hold, hold—we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off——Never exasperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns—Leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her! I'll kick her.

Ros. No, no, it will be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means—I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then—But may I depend upon you? when shall I speak to the parson?

Ros. We'll talk of that another time—Go.

Hodge. Madge, good bye.

Ros. The brutality of this fellow shocks me!—Oh man, man—you are all alike—A bumkin here, bred at the barn door! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious; shew me the lord, 'squire, colonel, or captain of them all, can out do him.

AIR.

Cease, gay seducer, pride to take
In triumph o'er the fair;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.

Where then to shun a shameful fate
Shall helpless beauty go?
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.

SCENE XI.

ROSSETTA, MARGERY.

Mar. I am ready to burst, I can't stay in the place any longer.

Ros. Hold, child, come hither.

Mar. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ros. Well, but I have something to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage.

Mar. Ay, or he should never have prevail'd upon me.

Ros. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

Mar. Nan!

Ros. However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future; and, as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival; so go your ways and be a good girl.

Mar. Yes—I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him herself; well let her, who cares? I don't fear getting a better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head that, may be, will be more to my advantage.

AIR.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,
But go up to the town in the waggon next week:

A service in London is no such disgrace,
And Register's office will get me a place;
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend,
Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end!
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do?

SCENE XII.

Enter ROSSETTA *and* LUCINDA.

Ros. Ha! ha! ha! Oh admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary?

Luc. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw: and have been singing together the most hideous duets! Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King: Heaven knows where Eustace could pick them up; but he has gone thro' half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy with him.

Ros. And have you resolved to take wing to-night.

Luc. This very night, my dear: my swain will go from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn, where he has left his horses; and, at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ros. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

Luc. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ros. Never doubt it.

AIR.

In love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SCENE XIII.

ROSSETTA, LUCINDA, HAWTHORN.

Haw. Lucy, where are you?

Luc. Your pleasure, Sir.

Ros. Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.

Haw. What my little water-wagtail!—The very couple I wish'd to meet: come hither both of you.

Ros. Now, Sir, what would you say to both of us?

Haw. Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces? If not, go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young bachelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid—

Ros. Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance?

Haw. Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.

Luc. I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.

Ros. And so am I, Sir.

Haw. Indeed!

AIR.

Well come, let us hear what the swain must possess
Who may hope at your feet to implore with success?
Ros. *He must be first of all*
Straight, comely, and tall:
Luc. *Neither awkward,*
Ros. *Nor foolish,*
Luc. *Nor apish,*

Ros. *Nor mulish;*

Luc. Ros. *Nor yet should his fortune be small.*

Haw. *What think'st of a captain?*

Luc. *All bluster and wounds!*

Haw. *What think'st of a squire?*

Ros. *To be left for his hounds.*

Luc. *The youth that is form'd to my mind,*
Must be gentle, obliging and kind;
Of all things in nature love me;

Ros. *Have sense both to speak and to see—*
Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Haw. Ros. Luc. *'Fore George a most rare matrimonial receipt;*
Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;
Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *house. Enter Sir* WILLIAM MEADOWS, *followed by* HAWTHORN.

Sir William.

WELL, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha! ha! ha! was ever the like heard of? that my boy, Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw; that she should scamper from her father, for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident; against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say! May I never do an ill turn, master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly—

Haw. Why, Sir William, it is a romance; a novel; a pleasanter history by half, than the loves of Dorastus and Faunia: we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth, how a young 'squire became a serving man of low degree; and it will be stuck up with Margaret's Ghost, and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir Will. But what pleases me best of all, master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't: but when the little gipsey took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly; 'till her young friend that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't: Indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full-grown grey-hound.

Haw. Well, Sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have

some sport with him.—He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

Sir Will. With all my heart, master Hawthorn, with all my heart, do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well, and how has the world gone with you, master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last?

Haw. Why, pretty well, Sir William; I have no reason to complain: every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets; but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

AIR.

The world is a well furnish'd table
Where guests are promisc'ously set;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get;
My simile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

SCENE II.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA.

Ros. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes—

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do: Cocksbones, how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this!—Her father, master Hawthorn, is as

worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her—But tell me hussy, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith, I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus as a body may say.

Ros. Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened, has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me: I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connection. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir Will. Is not she a neat wench, master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn but she is—But you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Ros. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuously, Sir: since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he had taken a liking to me; and I will own with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receiving his courtship.

Haw. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ros. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration; but I love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardener with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

AIR.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey;

Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shews;
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

Haw. Well, but, Sir, we lose time—is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

Ros. Pretty near it.

Haw. Oons then, what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along, and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir Will. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

SCENE III.

ROSSETTA, HODGE.

Ros. Well—What's the business?

Hodge. Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon!

Ros. Why, Hodge, don't you know me?

Hodge. Mrs. Rossetta!

Ros. Ay.

Hodge. Know you! ecod I don't know whether I do or not: never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: why, you be'nt dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance, presently, be you?

Ros. Have patience and you'll see:—but is there any thing amiss that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amiss! why there's ruination.

Ros. How?—where?

Hodge. Why, with Miss Lucinda: her aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discourse.

Ros. You don't say so!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs.

Deborah's voice, and run down again, as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

Ros. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What, his worship! no, no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Ros. Poor Lucinda, I wish I could go up to her, but I am so engaged with my own affairs—

Hodge. Mistress Rossetta.

Ros. Well.

Hodge. Odds bobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ros. Oh stand off, you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why so coy, there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

Ros. That's kind: ha, ha, ha—But what will become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me, I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

AIR.

The traveller, benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.

The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.

SCENE IV.

HODGE, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA.

Hodge. Hist, stay! don't I hear a noise?

Luc. (within) Well, but dear, dear aunt—

Mrs. Deb. (within) You need not speak to me, for it does not signify.

Hodge. Adwawns, they are coming here! ecod I'll get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—So, so.

Mrs. Deb. Get along, get along; *(Driving in Lucinda before her)* you are a scandal to the name of Woodcock; but I was resolved to find you out, for I have suspected you a great while, though your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

Luc. What shall I do?

Mrs. Deb. I was determined to discover what you and your pretended music-master were about, and lay in wait on purpose: I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and please the fates there he shall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Luc. You won't be so cruel, I am sure you won't: I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. Deb. Telling me the truth, quotha! did I not over-hear your scheme of running away to-night, thro' the partition? did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you ready for going off? No, brazenface, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, tho' your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest.—And you, Mr. Rascal, my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam!

Mrs. Deb. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems, the letter-carrier!

Hodge. Who, me, madam!

Mrs. Deb. Yes, you, sirrah.

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavy before his worship—

Mrs. Deb. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue.

Luc. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuse myself; but we are all subject to frailties; consider that, and judge of me by yourself; you were once young, and inexperienced as I am.

AIR.

If ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest,
Reflect with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevailed in my breast.
Oh where, where would you fly me?
Can you deny me thus torn and distrest?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request?
Kneeling before you, let me implore you;
Look on me sighing, crying, dying;
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

Mrs. Deb. This is mighty pretty romantic stuff! but you learn it out of your play-books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts: before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers a complete set of chairs, and a fire-screen in tent stitch; four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting; and the creed and ten commandments, in the hair of our family: it was fram'd and glaz'd, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete Housewife, or the great family receipt-book: whereas you are always at your studies! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Luc. Well, pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. Eustace out, and I promise

I never will proceed a step farther in this business, without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. Deb. Have not I told you already my resolution?—Where are my clogs and my bonnet? I'll go out to my brother in the fields: I'm a fool, you know, child, now let's see what the wits will think of themselves—don't hold me—

Luc. I'm not going; I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

SCENE V.

HODGE.

Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be shot if I didn't—So here's a fine job—But what can they do to me—They can't send me to jail for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it; and how was I obligated to know my master did not allow of their meetings.—The worst they can do, is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase—indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Rossetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London: so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

AIR.

A plague on those wenches, they make such a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They are always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
What tho' he speaks them ne'er so fairly,
Still they keep teazing, teazing on:
You cannot persuade 'em
'Till promise you've made 'em;

And after they've got it,
They tell you—add rot it,
Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone;
Then to be sure, Sir,
There is but one cure, Sir,
And all their discourse is of marriage.

SCENE IV.

A Greenhouse.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Mea. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of clothes in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and feel so unweildy. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come: [*looking at his watch*] perhaps she won't come—Why then I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise, and depart without any farther ceremony.

AIR.

How much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and sweetness join'd.

The casket, where, to outward shew,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
It holds a gem within.

Hark! she comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS *and* HAWTHORN.

Y. Mea. Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir Will. Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I ne-

ver do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, sirrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Y. Mea. Forgive me, Sir; I own I have been in a fault.

Sir Will. In a fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn, Mr. Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in England? and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of Botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, to be had at Meadows's nursery?

Haw. No, Sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

Y. Mea. I am so astonished to see you here, Sir, that I don't know what to say; but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, Sir, how did you find me out?

Sir Will. No matter, Tom, no matter; it was partly by accident, as a body may say; but what does that signify—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony; do you think you could digest a wife now?

Y. Mea. Pray, Sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought: I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

Sir Will. Is not this mighty provoking, master Hawthorn? Why, sirrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you?

Y. Mea. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but at present, I am not disposed—

Haw. Nay, but young gentleman, fair and softly, you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir Will. Respect, master Hawthorn! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him! there's once. Look you, Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Y. Mea. Have you brought the lady here, Sir? I am sorry for it.

Sir Will. Why sorry? what then you won't marry her? we'll see that! Pray, master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in.—Ay, Sir, you may fret, and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please, but marry whip me, I'm resolv'd.

SCENE VIII.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Haw. Here is the lady, Sir William.

Sir Will. Come in, madam, but turn your face from him—he would not marry you because he had not seen you: but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate—Pray, Sir, walk this way.

Y. Mea. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir Will. How, Tom, how!

Y. Mea. I was determined, Sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

Sir Will. And pray, Sir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

Y. Mea. To a person, Sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her: but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, Sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your

commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir Will. Not I, not in the least: go about your business.

Y. Mea. Sir, I obey.

Haw. Now, madam, is the time.

[*Rossetta advances, Young Meadows turns round and sees her.*]

AIR.

Ros. "*When we see a lover languish,*
"*And his truth and honour prove,*
"*Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,*
"*And repay him love for love.*"

Sir Will. Well, Tom, will you go away from me now.

Haw. Perhaps, Sir William your son does not like the lady; and if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Y. Mea. You need not have taken this method, Sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir Will. Well, but Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

Y. Mea. Your consent, Sir!

"*Ros.* Come, Sir William, we have carried the jest "far enough; I see your son is in a kind of embar- "rassment, and I don't wonder at it; but this letter, "which I received from him a few days before I left "my father's house, will, I apprehend, expound the "riddle. He cannot be surprised that I ran away "from a gentleman who expressed so much dislike to "me; and what has happened, since chance has brought "us together in masquerade, there is no occasion for "me to inform him of."

"*Y. Mea.*" What is all this? Pray don't make a jest of me.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is not truth; this is my friend's daughter.

Y. Mea. Sir!

Ros. Even so; 'tis very true, indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman; but you see we are designed for one another 'tis plain.

Y. Mea. I know not, Madam, what I either hear or see; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination; while, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

Sir Will. Well then, Tom, come into the air a bit, and recover yourself.

Y. Mea. Nay, dear Sir, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

Sir Will. Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain.

Y. Mea. Then, Sir, I am the happiest man in the world; I enquire no farther; here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

AIR.

Y. Mea. *All I wish in her obtaining,*
Fortune can no more impart:
Ros. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,*
Speak the feelings of my heart.
Y. Mea. *Joy and pleasure never ceasing,*
Ros. *Love with length of years increasing.*
Together. *Thus my heart and hand surrender.*
Here my faith and truth I plight;
Constant still, and kind, and tender,
May our flames burn ever bright.

Haw. Give you joy, Sir, and you, fair lady—And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

Y. Mea. And may I believe this?—Pr'ythee tell me, dear Rossetta.

Ros. Step into the house and I'll tell you every thing—I must entreat the good offices of Sir William and Mr. Hawthorn, immediately; for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend Lucinda.

Haw. Why, what's the matter?

Ros. I don't know, but I have reason to fear I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances; however, I hope, if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover—

Haw. The music master! I thought so.

Sir Will. What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am; for we'll make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it, take a trip to London, to shew the brides some of the pleasures of the town. And, master Hawthorn, you shall be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

Haw. Thank you, Sir William; I'll go into the house with you, and to church to see the young folks married; but as to London, I beg to be excused.

AIR.

If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,
Nor the pleasures the country enjoys,
Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
Where, gaping, the Cockneys *they fleece,*
Clap me up with the monsters, cry, masters walk in,
And shew me for two pence a piece.

SCENE IX.

Justice WOODCOCK'S *Hall.*

Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, *Mrs.* DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, EUSTACE, HODGE.

Mrs. Deb. Why, brother, do you think I can't hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

J. Wood. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. Deb. I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence—Hark'e, hussy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Luc. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly I'll answer you.

Eust. Seriously, Madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. Deb. What then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor overhear your design of going off to night, nor find the bundles packed up——

Eust. Ha, ha, ha!

Luc. Why, aunt, you rave.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. Deb. What, sirrah, would you brazen me too! Take that. [*boxes him.*]

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself; you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

J. Wood. Why, sister, you are tipsy!

Mrs. Deb. I tipsy, brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little anniseed water, when I have got the cholic.

Luc. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach ach all day; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

J. Wood. Come, come, I see well enough how it is; this is a lie of her own invention, to make herself appear wise: but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out?

SCENE X.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Mea. Bless me, Sir! look who is yonder.

Sir Will. Cocksbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there?

Eust. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky—— Sir William, your servant.

Sir Will. Your servant again, and again, heartily your servant; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

J. Wood. Pray, Sir William, are you acquainted with this person?

Sir Will. What, with Jack Eustace! why he's my kinsman: his mother and I were cousin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow, may I never do an ill turn if I tell a word of a lie.

J. Wood. Well, but Sir William, let me tell you you know nothing of the matter; this man is a music-master; a thrummer of wire, and a scraper of cat-gut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir Will. What Jack Eustace a music-master! no, no, I know him better.

Eust. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer;—What that gentleman tells you is very true, Sir; I am no music master indeed.

J. Wood. You are not, you own it then?

Eust. Nay more, Sir, I am, as this lady has represented me [*Pointing to Mrs. Deborah*], your daughter's lover; whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night; but now that Sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who, and what I am, I throw myself upon your generosity, from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspicious nature.

Mrs. Deb. Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day'

work of it! Had my advice been taken! Oh I am ashamed of you, but you are a weak man, and it can't be helped; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Luc. Dear papa, pardon me.

Sir Will. Ay, do, Sir, forgive her; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ros. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship.—Come, my dear Sir, tho' you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault—You know what I mean.——Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections——What, not a word!

AIR.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;
Are then your vows so soon forgot?
Ah! now I see if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—make them happy;
Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
Come be a dear good natur'd pappy,
And I'll reward you with a kiss.

Mrs. Deb. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do it, he's a justice of peace;—turn out of the house, I say:—

J. Wood. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house—he shall stay where he is.

Mrs. Deb. He shan't marry my niece.

J. Wood. Shan't he? but I'll shew you the difference now, I say, he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your estate too, will you?

J. Wood. Yes, I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why I'm sure he's a vagabond.

J. Wood. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, brother!

Haw. Come, come, Madam, all's very well, and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

J. Wood. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; observe that.

Eust. Sir, in giving me your daughter, you bestow upon me more than the whole world would be without her.

Ros. Dear Lucinda, if words could convey the transports of my heart upon this occasion——

Luc. Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendship; only let us resolve to preserve our esteem for each other.

Y. Mea. Dear Jack, I little thought we should ever meet in such odd circumstances—but here has been the strangest business between this lady and me——

Hodge. What then, Mrs. Rossetta, are you turned false-hearted after all; will you marry Thomas the gardener; and did I forsake Madge for this?

Ros. Oh lord! Hodge, I beg your pardon; I protest I forgot; but I must reconcile you and Madge, I think, and give you a wedding-dinner to make you amends.

Hodge. N—ah.

Haw. Adds me, Sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose to make up the company of your statute-ball; yonder's music too I see; shall we enjoy ourselves? If so, give me your hand.

J. Wood. Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves; Heaven bless you both, children, I say—Sister Deborah, you are a fool.

Mrs. Deb. You are a fool, brother; and mark my words—But I'll give myself no more trouble about you.

Haw. Fiddlers strike up.

AIR.

Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty——
May they long in triumph reign.

TABLE OF THE SONGS,

WITH THE NAMES OF THE SEVERAL COMPOSERS.

N. B. Those marked thus * were composed on purpose for this Opera.

A new Overture by Mr. Abel.

ACT I.

HOPE, thou nurse of young desire,	Mr. Weldon
Whence can you inherit	Abos
My heart's my own, my will is free	Arne
When once love's subtil poison gains	Arne
*Oh had I been by Fate decreed	Howard
Gentle youth, ah tell me why	Arne
*Still in hopes to get the better	Arne
There was a jolly miller once	
Let gay ones and great	Baildon
The honest heart whose thoughts are free	Festing
Well, well, say no more	*Larry Gorgan*
Cupid, god of soft persuasion	Giardini
How happy were my days till now	Arne
A medley	

ACT II.

We women like weak Indians trade	Paradies
Think my fairest how delay	Arne
*Believe me, dear aunt	Arne
When I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy	
Let rakes and libertines resign'd	Handel
How blest the maid whose bosom	Gallupi
In vain I ev'ry art assay	Arne
Begone, I agree	Arne
Oh how shall I in language weak	Cary
Young I am, and sore afraid	Gallupi
Oons neighbour, neer blush	Arn

My Dolly was the fairest thing	Handel
Was ever poor fellow	Agus
Cease, gay seducers, pride to take	Arne
Since Hodge proves ungrateful	Arne
In love should there meet a fond pair	Bernard
*Well come let us hear	

ACT III.

The world is a well furnish'd table	Arne
It is not wealth, it is not birth	Giardini
*The traveller benighted	Arne
If ever a fond inclination	Geminiani
Plague o'these wenches, &c.	*St. Patrick's Day*
*How much superior beauty awes	Howard
When we see a lover languish	Arne
All I wish in her obtaining	Arne
If ever I'm catch'd in those regions	Boyce
*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you	Arne
Hence with cares	Boyce

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The British drama

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